



# SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Whole No. 842

## Things in General

I took a New York jury but forty-five minutes to find ex-Congressman Driggs guilty of accepting money while a member of Congress, to secure a contract between a private company and the Government. The jury felt sorry for him and recommended acquittal. Judge Thompson, while refusing motion for a new trial, took time to consider whether he would allow a stay of proceedings pending an appeal, but in the meantime left Mr. Driggs at liberty, saying, "I wish I could inflict this sentence without imprisonment, but cannot under the law; I shall make the sentence as light as I possibly can." This most merciful judge left it to the counsel to agree upon a day for sentence, the extreme penalty being two years' imprisonment and \$10,000 fine. Seemingly this is a remarkably lenient method of handling a bribe-taker, and Canadians are liable to promptly blame the administration of justice in New York as being part of a political machine or accuse it of handling altogether too tenderly a prominent man of influence.

One does not care to contribute to the unhappiness of a family or to drag into notice misdeeds which are almost forgotten, yet in view of what this New York incident may induce people to say, we may as well admit that we have an ex-aldernan of Toronto accused of being guilty of embezzling large sums from a department of the Provincial Government of which he was treasurer. Ex-Aldernan Macdougall is doubtless ill, for his physicians have frequently certified to that effect—probably too ill to be tried—but nearly a year and a half has passed and still the sick man remains at home and the incident is being gradually forgotten. I would not assert that too much mercy has been shown, but I am quite certain that if he had been poor and unimportant things would have been entirely different. Personally he was a kindly man, much liked, and the news that he was short in his accounts startled the business men of the city, nearly all of whom knew and liked him. His money was not spent in high living, nor in anything that would lead to the suspicion of wrongdoing; it was probably lost in stocks, and so many dropped little fortunes into the bottomless pit of speculation that sympathy for the alleged wrong-doer overshadowed the offence.

Amongst those whose social station would not entitle them to such consideration, it may be said the incident is by no means forgotten, and wonder at the clemency of the court is certain some day to turn into suspicion likely to find bitter expression. Indeed, I have heard many harsh things said by those who are continually resenting what they call partiality, even though the extra mercy shown does them no harm. Of course it was the people's money which was taken, and the treatment of the person alleged to have taken it is a public matter. It is a serious thing for the court to give color to the charge that social, political or professional standing is permitted to protect wrong-doers. The law is for all alike. Human nature, however, in New York and Toronto is very much the same; the kindly and popular man is allowed immunities which the sour and hated person can never hope for. This is true of the law-breaker as well as those who live according to the Code. There can be no absolutely hard and unyielding rule as long as the impulse is general to be kind to those one likes and severe with those one dislikes.

The quality of mercy is not strained;  
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;  
It bleaseth him that gives, and him that takes:  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown:  
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;  
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,  
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,  
It is an attribute to God himself;  
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,  
When mercy seasons justice.

It would seem necessary, however, that in thus loving mercy we should not be partial in showing it. Mercy admittedly being a beautiful thing, it cannot be considered to be the privilege of those only who have influential friends. If the punishment of serious offences against the body politic is to become light and easily borne, all should share in the gentle discrimination of the courts. Every heart may have its own sorrow, every life its own temptation; the sorrows of those who appear prosperous may be greater than we comprehend and the temptations greater than we know, but it would appear that those who, with a slight regard to frugal living, might live almost sumptuously on the financial certainty which they possess, are not so grievously tempted to sin as the poor and those who see their families suffering from want. It might even seem that courts are incompetent to decide, for it was an axiom of the old Roman law that "no man can weigh the sin who cannot measure the temptation." It would seem that the only way out of such a maze of sentimentalism would be to treat everyone as if sorely tempted, but to treat them all alike.

POPE PIUS X. has requested the wives of the ambassadors to refrain from appearing at the papal court in gowns from which the tops are missing. About the same time that the Pope expressed this disapproval of the modern half-back cut, the Rev. Dr. McMahon of New York came out with a pretty warm roast of what he calls "the indecency of fashionable women's costumes." The worthy doctor must have seen some awful sights, for he informed his audience that he dare not describe them. "There is a mere pretense of being covered," he says. "What does it indicate?" he asks. "A lack of balance." Well, that doesn't sound so unreasonable. If a gown has no top to it while the skirt is "about three inches to the good" in front and about the same number of yards too long behind, I should think it is safe to say it lacks balance. While I can scarcely endorse the reverend gentleman's conclusion that "such dress dulls the modesty, lessens true womanliness and initiates a propensity to sensuality," yet I think there is a good deal of common sense in the general disapproval of extremes. It seems to me that the chief reason why people wear clothes is because it is more comfortable to be dressed than naked. If this is so it appears rather foolish to drag a few yards of useless cloth behind you when the most delicate part of the body is entirely exposed. Besides this, there is such a thing as modesty, though it has become somewhat old and is generally concealed. In the light of modesty the low-necked dress may be all right for young ladies to use in advertising that they are "out," providing it doesn't let them come out too far. It is the costume without visible means of support to which the more conservative element objects. If kinkies like Dr. McMahon could be given some assurance that nothing has been forgotten, that all the dress is there, and that it is nailed on and can't slip, there would be little complaint. It is the horrible doubt that something has been neglected, or that one has appeared before the ladies were ready, that makes the uninitiated male uncomfortable.

A VINDICTIVE man, a spiteful woman and a nagging, persecuting newspaper are alike detestable. Part of a newspaper's business, however, is to be popular and to say at an opportune time the things people think and desire to have put into words. It is hard to evade the requests of those who think that certain things should be fully discussed, and at the considerable risk of being regarded as vindictive I must accept the invitation of a number of estimable readers and discuss the proposition made by A. E. Ames & Co. to their unsecured creditors, on the occasion of failing to pay the promised twenty-five per cent. dividend. The matter is of public importance and silence on the subject would indicate that something has happened to make me "skered," and though I tried to drop the subject some time ago, and was forced by an attack upon myself to re-open it, now in analyzing the proposition I do it reluctantly and with a conviction that anything that seems like persecution will simply excite

sympathy for those criticized. By the way, I give below a letter written to me by a prominent out-of-town barrister which shows what is thought by disinterested observers:

"For some time past I have been getting 'Saturday Night' from a newsboy here, but I had the misfortune to miss that copy containing 'Don's' reply to the letter of A. E. Ames. I have heard so much of that reply that if possible I wish to enjoy its perusal and will be obliged if you will mail a copy to me (if you have one left) for which I enclose price. While I am in no way interested in the Ames failure, I have taken some interest in the shifts the firm has since been making to avoid suits against them by those they owe, and 'Saturday Night's' commendable references to the whole matter. In discussing the firm's first circular to their deluded creditors, I ventured the prediction (at the time of its publication last summer) that it was an adroit scheme to ward off attack through the courts; that it did not appear to me to bear the earmarks of sincerity and that it would be followed in January, 1904, by another, announcing their inability to comply with the terms of the first circular. And so it turns out. The last circular seems a most barefaced attempt to get rid of all their unpaid obligations, and yet it would appear as if they really courted refusal on the part of one or more creditors as an excuse for doing no more in the way of reparation for the wrongs done. I do not know Mr. Ames or any of his firm, but judging from the wording of his circulars, it seems to me that I have missed a great honor in my failure to claim a place on the list of their creditors."

Divested of the multitude of words in which the circular of A. E. Ames & Co. is involved, the proposal to organize a Securities Holding Company in which the unsecured creditors are to receive stock to the amount of their claims against A. E. Ames & Co. appears to be an exceedingly smooth way of settling debts which amount to between five and six hundred thousand dollars. The creditors who accept this stock, which will cost Ames & Co. nothing, will have no further claim

see in any such thing much hope for those who so far have been disappointed by the promises of the firm. I am certainly convinced that the assets will realize much more in the hands of those to whom the investing public are in the habit of going for advice, and who have no record of failure behind them.

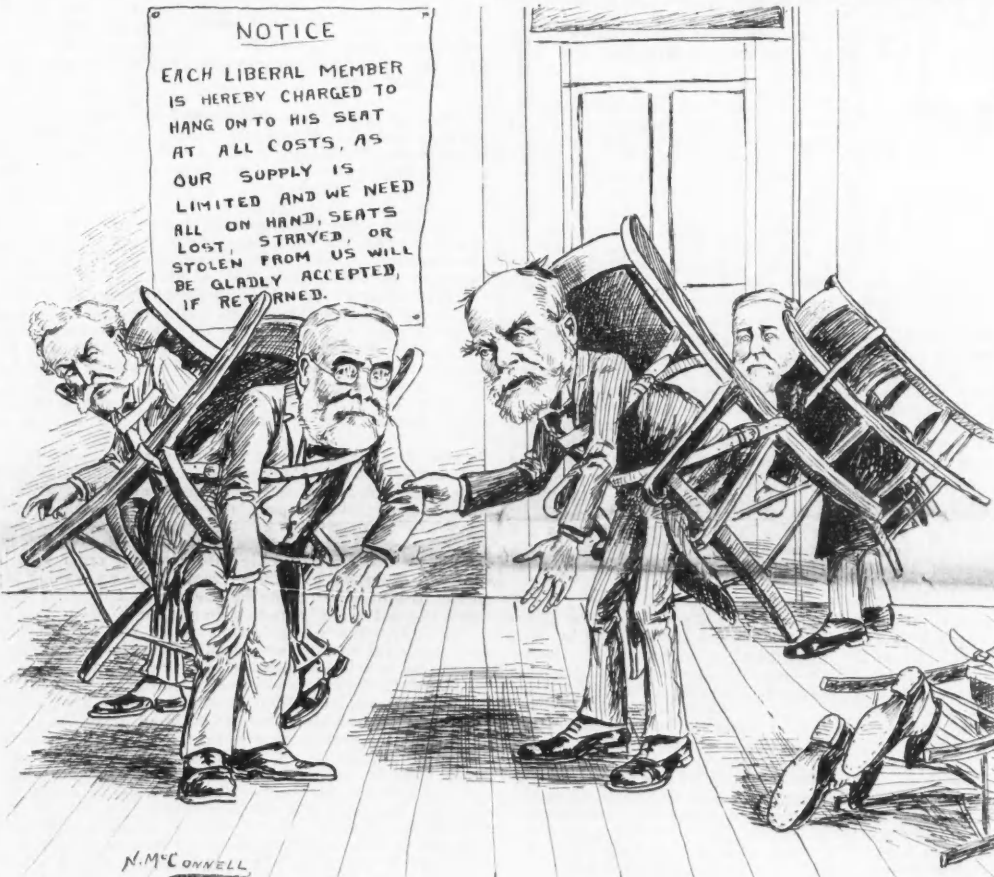
Taken altogether, the plan proposed seems an ingenious scheme for Ames & Co. to escape bankruptcy by paying off their creditors with stock based on assets which they admit cannot be realized upon even to the extent of 25 per cent. The plan is what the small boy would call "cheeky," and it is certainly one liable to make even the sedate business man grin.

At the meeting of the Toronto Master Barbers' Association, held last week, it was decided that all the implements used in shaving shall be sterilized immediately after use. This is a good resolution, and no doubt it will be properly carried out, as at the same meeting, with singular appropriateness, William Chin was elected president and G. W. Tapp financial secretary. This sounds like a selection from a comic opera programme, but it is the real thing.

A FEW weeks ago Mr. Archibald Edward Stewart, late Prince de Modena, arrived in Toronto, a total stranger. In forty-eight hours he had a host of friends and admirers. To-day he is again unknown. His experience is quite a paradox. When he refrained from advertising everyone patronized him; when he receives the widest publicity no one knows him. It is up to some advertising expert to explain. These fair weather friends don't do the city any good. The heartless turn-down of the Prince will give Toronto a bad name. The fact that he happened to do a couple of hotels and a dozen or so tradesmen can surely not detract from his character. He is as much a prince to-day as he was a month ago. He has just as much refinement as he ever had. All the attractive little traits that he brought over with him are

### NOTICE

EACH LIBERAL MEMBER  
IS HEREBY CHARGED TO  
HANG ONTO HIS SEAT  
AT ALL COSTS, AS  
OUR SUPPLY IS  
LIMITED AND WE NEED  
ALL ON HAND, SEATS  
LOST, STRAYED, OR  
STOLEN FROM US WILL  
BE GLADLY ACCEPTED,  
IF RETURNED.



SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.

G. W. Ross—A wise precaution, Gibson; we can't risk any more seats, you know.

against the firm, and I see nothing in the prospectus which proposes to give these creditors or stockholders any voice in the management.

Ames & Co. appear to covenant that for five years they will devote themselves to realizing the assets not covered by the secured creditors. What are these assets? Apparently they are not sufficiently salable at the present moment to pay the 25 per cent. dividend, or any important part of it, due according to a previous arrangement made by Ames & Co. with their creditors shortly after their suspension.

Two or three years ago the same firm, with \$1,000,000 capital, great prestige, influence and connections, the market buoyant, and their grip on the neck of prices firm, instead of making money ran into a cul-de-sac which forced them to close their doors. It is difficult for me to see how the same firm, without exciting derision, can ask for five years to exploit a company made up of its creditors and with a capital which appears to be a deficit of some \$800,000. When to this is added the proposition that the three partners shall be able to draw "living expenses" the whole thing becomes preposterous, though they promise to pool their earnings for the benefit of the creditors.

It would seem to an onlooker that a firm which has become greatly discredited is unlikely to have any large amount of earnings or be able to dispose of the assets left to their unsecured creditors to any great advantage. It would be the opinion, I imagine, of the ordinary business man that "living expenses" is a very vague and elastic expression, and that the probabilities would be strongly in the direction of more being taken out than would be put into the pool.

The unsecured creditors are told by implication that unless they make this arrangement they will probably get little or nothing. Surely there is some other alternative. In the first place, if the firm is put in liquidation three somewhat expensive people will not be necessary to take charge of the assets that are to be disposed of. One clever accountant would be enough, and he might be given as much time to sell the stocks as Ames & Co. ask. Indeed, the whole business might be put into the hands of some reputable firm of brokers, to be disposed of gradually on commission. Such very expensive offices as are now maintained would be unnecessary. All the seats on the Stock Exchange could be realized upon, and everything that is in sight to pay the creditors would thus become available in this way. A. E. Ames & Co. would still owe the creditors whatever is lacking to pay them in full. In the other scheme, those who accept stock would have no claim whatever upon Ames & Co. It is not a matter, as the circular puts it, as to whether the creditors retain sufficient confidence in Ames & Co.; it is really a question as to whether the public have sufficient confidence in that firm to take their left over stocks as an investment. Those who desire to be philanthropic will probably favor the idea of preventing the bankruptcy of the firm by accepting stock in a Securities Holding Company in payment of their claims. I am not discussing philanthropy; I am simply analyzing a business proposition. I certainly would be pleased to see the three partners safely and peacefully housed with their creditors and living expenses guaranteed to them for five years, but I can hardly

still in evidence. His accent is unimpaired by exposure to our severe northern climate. His recollection of the Countess is as vivid as of yore. Then why this haughty turn-down? Why this frosty mit? The Prince's treatment convicts Toronto people of inconstancy. Let us not be deceived; when his Serene Highness returns to the bosom of the London smart set, gentleman and all though he be, he will scarcely refrain from winking his intimates of the harsh treatment that awaits the English aristocracy in Toronto. This is not the first slip that has been made in the treatment of gentlemen strangers in the city. A number of years ago a distinguished person from France blew into town. At first he was quite properly received. Everyone fell upon his neck; he was invited to many of the best houses—and he went. He was a charming person, with a most taking manner. But he was an annexationist—he annexed everything with which he came in contact. At that time there was a strong feeling against annexation. When his views on the subject became known he was promptly turned down and sent to Governor Van Zant. After that distinguished stranger gave Toronto a wide berth for a time; but we all hoped to live down our reputation for inconstancy. We were getting along very nicely; the unfortunate incident in our past was fading from memory; the aristocracy was beginning to favor us once more; Lord Lyveden even invited some of us to accompany him on a personally conducted tour of the Orient "at five hundred dollars and up per head"—and now this de Modena affair crops up and gives a set back from which it will take years to recover. Well, let us profit by the experience and make a vow that this offence will be our last. Let us either adopt the English rule of not getting chummy with anyone till we know who he is, or stick to our old plan of giving everyone the glad hand; but if we follow the latter course let us stick to our pals through thick and thin. These fair weather friends are not the kind that improve the city's reputation. Toronto should be known as the center for the real article. In the present condition of the town there are many who believe with the Prince that "Simon pure friendship is as rare as holy water in a brewery."

IN vain John Prentiss pleaded the Mosaic law when being tried last week before Police Magistrate Denison for bigamy. There had been a considerable mix-up in the marrying of a Mrs. Worsley, who had been given writings as prescribed by the Mosaic law by her husband before she married a man named McFadden—who died or didn't, it doesn't matter—and later on the defendant Prentiss, Colonel Denison told the mismarried or unmarried couple that they were living under the criminal code and not under the Mosaic law, and sent Prentiss to jail for ten days to give him a chance for the facts in the case to soak into his memory.

At the General Ministerial Association meeting on Monday, Rev. T. Albert Moore read a paper setting forth nine rules for observing the "Sabbath of the Twentieth Century." Just as surely as John Prentiss is not living under the Mosaic law and could not take advantage of it when marrying a woman who had a living and undivorced husband, so the people of to-day cannot be expected to hold sacred the Mosaic Sabbath. If we made the attempt we would have to close down our

businesses entirely on Saturday, make no fires even though it be fifteen degrees below zero, take no journeys beyond those prescribed of old for Palestine, and in a score of ways absolutely reverse the line of conduct that we pursue on both Saturday and Sunday. Admitting this, and also admitting the economic wisdom of a day of rest, we must look to the Code and not the Decalogue for directions for the proper observance of the modern Sunday. The community is not ready to have the Rev. T. Albert Moore lay down his nine commandments for our observance. The regulations which this cleric who parts his name in the middle and cuts his sense off at the neck, would impose upon us, are reported as follows:

"A Saturday half-holiday should be instituted everywhere; Sunday visiting and holding of social functions should be stopped; parades and funerals on the Sabbath ought to be discontinued; there should be no Sunday newspapers; traveling should be done on other days than the seventh—(first, I thought it was!); foreigners should be Canadianized and brought to hold a Christian conception of the holiness of the Sabbath; great industrial institutions should be brought under Lord's Day legislation; and lastly, that it is the duty of all persons to forego all unnecessary things on the Sabbath day."

It is strange that this strenuous apostle of restriction should not begin each of his rules with "Thou shalt not," for he evidently belongs to that strenuous section of clerics to whom force is dearer than persuasion. Mr. Moore cannot be much of a student of United States history, or he would quote General Grant as being superior morally to Lord Minto, and he becomes absolutely funny when he says, "If General Grant could not walk to church on the Sabbath day he stayed at home." Probably before he again quotes the hero of Appomattox he should get some sort of tally of how often the General walked to church on the Sabbath and how often he stayed home. Altogether the ordinary citizen is getting somewhat mixed as to whether he is living under the Criminal Code, the Mosaic law or the Canon law. If the priests and preachers do not cease mixing up matters we will have to go to the policemen for moral guidance.

TALKING about the commandments, the National Association for the Suppression of Bad Language, which has Lord Wolseley as its president, reports that it is carrying on an energetic propaganda. A very sensible suggestion is made by the N. A. S. B. L. of the possibility of "compiling a dictionary of harmless words which may be used to take the place of obscene and profane language when the exigencies of the situation demand" something exclamatory. This dictionary will have a wide circulation, for there are very few of us but would like to know exactly what to say when a bicycle bumps into us from behind or when we get hit on the nose with an icy snowball thrown by some reckless boy. I suppose this Association would consider an exclamation of "Oh, my!" not too harsh when a big man or a fat woman lunging into a car plants a ponderous foot on one's favorite corn. By any means, however, "Oh, my!" is considered a very profane exclamation, for the name of the Almighty is supposed to follow as a necessary context. However, when the dictionary appears, if it is not too expensive, I intend to get one for office use, and when the man with a hunk of poetry which he insists on reading to me gets down to work, I will open the volume and indicate as my sentiments the most violent thing there is in the list. Swearing is doubtless a bad habit, but it seems to me a rather milder sort of vice than that of insisting upon minding other people's business.

WHILE on the subject of Associations to make people do this or force them to abandon that, it might be mentioned that Iowa has a Society for the Suppression of Disease and Degeneracy which asks the Legislature of that State to make it a portion of the marriage law that applicants for a license to marry shall bring with them the certificate of a reputable physician that they have been under instruction regarding the duties pertaining to the marriage relation. This is the second appearance of this bill in the Iowa Legislature, the previous one not having come to a vote. In such a serious matter it is a wonder that the S. S. of D. D. has been able to keep its hands off the laws of nature so long. It really knocks one cold to think of how this poor, little, wicked world has got along as well as it has without our forefathers and foremothers being forced to get posted by a "reputable physician" before getting hold of hands, etc.

THE Grand Trunk is being everlastingly hammered over the head by the newspapers for its abominable treatment of passengers on the branch lines. The amazing exhibition of independence shown by the newspapers in not only telling the truth about a great corporation but rubbing it in with a brick, is but another indication that if the people kick strenuously enough the newspapers which are looking after readers as well as advertisers will take up their case and argue it to a finish. As long as the general run of people patiently endure inconvenience and are satisfied with writing an occasional letter to the press, nothing comes out of it, no matter how a grievance cries aloud for redress. Keep up the kick, dear reader, and your sorrows may be made things of the past and your privileges increased tenfold. No matter what it is that is worrying you, make a holler and you will be heard, but don't trust to officials and newspapers that are busy making a living to scream themselves hoarse in your behalf while you go to bed in peace and expect to wake up next morning and find everything lovely. The popular condemnation of the Grand Trunk will do that company good, and of the hundreds who are uniting to create a clamor that must be heard, the individual effort is but slight, and after all there is a good deal of pleasure in having a grievance that one can talk about.

HONORABLE WILLIAM L. BUCHANAN has been appointed Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to the Republic of Panama. This appointment shows how thoroughly President Roosevelt appreciates the importance, politically and diplomatically, of the trans-Isthmian situation, for Mr. Buchanan is a Democrat and was appointed by President Grover Cleveland Minister to Argentina, and though he was retained in that position by the late President McKinley, it is to be presumed his politics are unchanged. A native of Ohio, Mr. Buchanan is of Scotch descent, and if I remember correctly, one at least of his parents was a Scotch-Canadian. I spent over a month in Buenos Ayres while Mr. Buchanan was United States Minister there, and can cheerfully testify to the fact that he was considered not only by his own countrymen but by the foreign representatives, by long odds the cleverest man representing any foreign nation in South America. In person considerably resembling our somewhat politically discredited Dr. Montague, he was indefatigable in promoting the interests of Washington at Buenos Ayres. The statistical features of the departmental reports of the South American Governments have been, and to a great extent are, exceedingly inefficient, inaccurate and inconclusive. Argentina Mr. Buchanan employed his skill as statistician in endeavoring himself to the authorities by greatly assisting in the establishment of a proper system—a system far in advance of that of any of the other Latin-American republics excepting Mexico. Personally a very likable man, and speaking Spanish fluently, he is head and shoulders above any other man who could have been appointed to straighten out the tangle at Panama. But it is hardly to the credit of the United States that in their haste they have sent him to Panama in advance of the confirmation of his appointment by the Senate. Mr. Buchanan, it will be remembered, was Director-General of the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo, but it will not be remembered by the Canadian people who are unaware of the fact, that his knowledge of Canadian exports as opposed to the naturally uninformed mind of the British Minister made him the most successful opponent of Canadian trade in the whole of Latin America.

I recall a particular incident of Mr. Buchanan's shrewdness. Argentina was exporting sugar in small quantities, and because it was giving a bounty to encourage the sugar industry the sweet stuff when it got to an American port was charged a countervailing duty—the regular tariff, to which was added the amount of bounty paid by the country in which the sugar was grown. This angered the Argentine Congress,



which at once proceeded to increase the tariff on petroleum and its products and such lumber as they presumed was imported from the United States. Quite properly, from their point of view, they were raising the tariff on yellow pine, a chief product of the southern districts of the United States. The British Minister, advised of the visit of a Canadian Trade Commissioner, was strenuously opposing the increased tariff on yellow pine, thinking that the Canadian trade would be injured. When I told him that yellow pine was not a product of Canada, he asked me if I would mind saying what colored pine he grew. While pine being our principal export, I mentioned the fact and he complained with momentary irritation, "How am I to know what colored pine Canada wants to get in here? I know nothing of white pine, or yellow pine, or blue pine, or any other kind of pine. I came here from Austria. Surely I cannot be expected to understand such details." I assured him that he had certainly shown his good will towards Canada, and we proceeded to beat Mr. Buchanan at his own game, which meant something, as, if my memory serves me right, the imports into the district affected by the change of tariff at that time amounted to nearly half a million dollars per annum of Canadian lumber. This is not intended to reflect at all on the British Minister, who was one of the most assiduous and likeable officials I met in a long trip which I have never found an opportunity of describing in detail outside of a report to the Government.

As I some time ago predicted, the period of independence allotted by the United States to the Republic of Panama is likely to be brief. Already it has been proposed that should the inhabitants of the Isthmus find that President Roosevelt is unable for the moment to secure a ratification of the treaty by the United States Senate, they may demand admission to our Union either as a State or as a Territory. It will be remembered that the annexation of Texas was brought about by the Democrats through a joint resolution of Congress after the treaty negotiated to that end had been defeated by the Whigs in the Senate. So says "Harper's Weekly," which in its decadence has become the chief apologist for the land-grabbing conspiracies of the President, and insists that Canada should be ashamed to ask tariff favors from Great Britain which are not to be granted to the United States.

**MANAGER KEATING** of the Toronto Railway Company is suffering sympathetic agony over the inconvenience to the public caused by the Mayor's insisting that the condemned relics of ancient street traffic be removed from service. "As a result of their removal," says Mr. Keating, "the people are packed into the cars like sardines." This is quite touching. But the chief touch, I think, is the replacing of those "has-beens" by up-to-date and approved cars. This is what really gives Mr. Keating the weeps. The people of Toronto would rather play the part of sardines than of suckers. It is over two years since the courts condemned these worn-out old rat traps, and during all the time that has since elapsed they have been run in open defiance of the city. The Toronto Railway Company has no more respect for its obligations than the Yankee Government for the nigger. The only thing that brings it to its senses is brute force. If the city had taken the same course two years ago that it has taken now, street car traveling might not be sardine shipping and Manager Keating would be saved his alligator tears. The thing for the city to do now is to press its advantage home and force the company to turn out the necessary number of cars as rapidly as they can be built. Even then it will be some time before Toronto has a service that will make the red ticket cars look like a country prayer-meeting on circus night.

**MORIBID** curiosity and love for the gruesome, the chief characteristics of the unhealthy-minded, are about to be gratified to an extent that should satisfy the most indefatigable of ghouls. The late Queen Draga of Serbia's wardrobe is to be dramatized—that is to say, the notoriety that it enjoys as a result of its late owner's murder is to be made enjoyable by certain enterprising actresses who are now clawing each other in Belgrade in their efforts to secure the bloody spoils. The Queen left a considerable assortment, ranging from ball dresses to pink tights, so there will be much to equip all the feminine branches of the theatrical profession. Before the present season closes New York managers likely to plaster every bill-board on the continent with allusions to the public to turn out and see "the distinguished Serbian tragedienne, Mrs. Calcium, in 'Macbeth,' in the walking scene of which she appears in the night-dress worn by Queen Draga on the night of her assassination." Bullets and sword-points unneeded! There must be enough here to draw patronage a show of this kind to make it or actresses would not be scrambling over each other in earnest to secure the costumes. Indeed, there must be a demand for "entertainment" of this nature, for I see it is announced that the notorious Mrs. Soffel, the woman who left her husband and children to elope with the Biddle convict murderer, whom she released from prison, soon to make her appearance upon the stage with the cutter which the escaping desperadoes were shot, their revolvers and wearing apparel as special features. Is this the elevation of the Drama, of which we have heard so much? A little while ago the Mayor of Chicago prohibited the appearance of the sweetheart of a highwayman-murderer upon the stage of a museum on the ground that such pandering to unwholesome curiosity was injurious to public morality. It would certainly be offensive to public taste. If the mayors of other cities would but follow the example set by Mr. Harrison of wicked Chicago, such offenses against decency as Mrs. Soffel's stage appearance and the scramble after a murdered woman's clothing would be unknown.

**THERE** is a fellow in New York who evidently believes that if you cannot make your living honestly at close quarters you can easily do it at a distance by correspondence. I have before me a circular sent out by this jammer in which he announces his willingness and ability to teach "short story writing" by the rapid-fire method of the ridiculously low sum of fifty cents a lesson. "I don't tell how he manages to do it—that would be giving away his whole stock in trade. He merely assures prospective victims that he is 'It' and that he has 'the only way.' This is the kind of English composition he dispenses: 'I am writing this circular,' he says, 'for two reasons. First to interest you in our enterprise, which, if I am successful will revert to your best interest and benefit, my company as well.' Those are his 'two' reasons, set forth in his own inimitable way. The clearness and force of this statement is masterly. How can he fail to convince? Observe the use of the punctuation, mark the ingenious arrangement of the words, the strongest coming last; note the skilful employment of parallel construction. Such mastery of the art makes one despair. How can such excellence ever be attained? The author of the circular must know that genius and genius only can hope for such perfection. It is unfair to inspire false hope in the breast of the aspiring amateur. But the aspiring amateur has confidence in the master. One hopeful youth writes his inspired benefactor: 'I have made an attempt and have written part of a story on camp life.' It is remarkable. But then, there is one born every minute.

#### Social and Personal.

The opening of the Legislative Assembly was favored with very fair winter weather and the snow made everything much more bright and enjoyable than usual. There was a large attendance, when for the first time His Honor performed his duty as representative of the Ruler of the nation, and declared the Parliament open for its coming session. The Lieutenant-Governor was accompanied by Mrs. and the Misses Mortimer Clark, and the usual smart party assembled in the Premier's rooms and proceeded to their places on the floor of the House to await the Governor's coming, which was heralded by the band of the 48th Highlanders playing the National Anthem outside. After the speech from the throne, the brilliant assembly melted gradually away, and those invited took tea in the Speaker's chambers with the Ministers and their wives, the gubernatorial party being the guests of honor. The buffet was beautifully done in pink roses and the Opening of 1904 was a very great and enjoyable success. Mrs. Mortimer Clark wore a superb robe of black velvet with front panel and bertha of rose point lace, and tiara of diamonds, and the Misses Clark wore white gowns very richly trimmed with lace. Mrs. Hendrie of Hamilton, in a sumptuous primrose brocade, Mrs. Hay and Mrs. George Hendrie and Mrs. John Hendrie were a very handsome group. Mrs. Sweny was in black with pink roses. Mrs. Kerr of Rathnelly in black velvet, white lace and jet tiara. Mrs. Gibson was in a rich brocade evening gown, and Mrs. Stratton in a dainty pink one. Mrs. Thomas Hodgins looked very dignified and handsome in a rich black gown with some fine lace. The Premier's three daughters, Miss Ross, Mrs. Mitchell and Miss Florence, were all prettily gowned, the former in blue and cream and the two latter in white. After the Opening, which was His Honor's first ceremony of the kind, and which he performed with perfect dignity, the new members were introduced, Mr. Dunlop, for



A PROMINENT CANADIAN ABROAD.

all his inches, looking most boyish and being critically viewed by the boy orator of Ottawa's late session, Mr. Guthrie, M.P., of Guelph, whose stalwart figure loomed behind the throne during the ceremonies. The Premier entertained a large party at tea after the Opening, and in the evening His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor gave a State dinner at Government House which was of unusual brilliancy, the table being magnificently decorated and the whole house en fete.

The roll of Canadian women now abroad who are notable either for literary, artistic or social qualities is fast increasing. Away in the antipodes more than one has found her place both prominent and pleasant. The picture of such a Canadian, Mrs. Thomas Tait, wife of the Director of Australian Railways, who has been for a year much in evidence in Melbourne society, is reproduced from an exquisite Australian photograph this week, which came the other day to Mrs. Tait's parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, with Christmas love and greetings from their only daughter. "Saturday Night" is proud of both Mr. and Mrs. Tait and their successful sojourn in Australia.

Mrs. Donald J. McKinnon received in her new home for the first time since her arrival in Toronto on Monday last, and will be at home next Monday also. The McKinnon home is a very pretty residence on the corner of Dunbar road and South Drive, Rosedale, and Mrs. McKinnon was the brightest and most attractive of hostesses, in a cosy wine-colored gown, her pretty dark eyes enhanced by the deep tint, and her sweet face cordial and smiling. Mrs. S. F. McKinnon of Sherbourne street received with her, and Mrs. John McKinnon, looking very handsome, presided at the tea-table, which was set in the dining-room and decorated with flowers. A number of old and new friends called to welcome the hostess to Toronto.

Mrs. Reynolds held her first reception in her new home in Elm avenue, to the completion of which so many of her friends have been looking forward on Monday afternoon. From the rich grained natural wood of the polished steps and entrance to the last corner of the balcony in the rear looking south over Rosedale ravine, it is a perfect little gem of a home, and so said every criticizing woman with hearty appreciation. In gala garb for the reception of guests, it was certainly sweetly pretty and artistic, and the mistress of the charming ménage and her sister, Mrs. Lockhart Watt, made most cordial hostesses. Miss Ruby Reynolds, Miss Watt and Miss Lillian Graham, three very young girls, waited on the visitors in the dining-room, where the tea-table was set. Mrs. Reynolds is a newcomer in Rosedale, and her home a distinct acquisition to the neighborhood.

First receptions in new homes are the order of the afternoon this week, and facile princeps was the one held by Mrs. James in her recently embellished residence in St. George street, a house formerly the home of Judge Lount, and after his death purchased by Mr. James. A great change has been wrought in the interior by most distinguished decorations, which on Tuesday were further enhanced by a wealth of the loveliest flowers. "Flora" had moved across the street, apparently, and the homestead blossomed like a rose, a begonia, or any other flower the florist could contribute to add to the charm of the scene. And yet it was not overdone. Over the high mantel a cascade of pale pink begonias flowed in a dream of beauty, roses nestled in corners, spicy carnations filled the air with fragrance. The room is soft deep rose color; the flowers were delicate pink. Mrs. James's reception gown was faint shell pink, and her sister, Mrs. Riddell, was in white and silver. There was not a discordant note in the harmony. Beyond the drawing-room opened a vision of soft rich greens, the dining-room being done in that color. Mrs. James's boudoir, on the south side, is quite a gem of a room. Heaps of friends peeped in and good naturedly envied the hostess her luxurious sanctum. Luxury comes pleasantly anywhere, but certainly it is extra enjoyable when it comes to amiable and appreciative people who share it royally with their friends. Where half a dozen really luxurious homes used to be the limit in Toronto, there are now scores and each with its own peculiar charm, sending the dozens of women who live in plain, old-fashioned domiciles back home with the rueful and half-truth remark, "I have really nothing worth looking at in my house!" A bright matron remarked as above and then added, "But what can one do and bring up six children?" at which the thinking woman will smile and probably wonder what more any woman could ask to make a life full of busy happiness.

The Argonauts pulled all together in accordance with their traditions in a week-end display, and off an exceedingly pretty dance in the Temple ballroom, at which the sporty young fellows were honored by the presence of the Lieutenant-Governor and the Misses Mortimer Clark. It was eminently a young people's dance, older folk being conspicuously absent, and only one or two of the lady patronesses turning up. Absence from town, illness and various other real reasons kept them away, much to the regret of the gallant oarsmen, who are always most attentive to their patronesses and appreciate them thoroughly. The young ladies from Government House were very prettily gowned. Mrs. Clark in white and silver and Miss Elsie in turquoise satin. Commander Law and Mr. Allen Magee were in attendance; Mrs. Law in a handsome black velvet gown chaperoned her daughter, Mrs. Pyne in pale blue satin and pink rosebuds brought her daughter, Miss Mona, in primrose crepe. Miss Winnifred Evans was by many voted the belle in white satin, and her fair hair dressed high. Mrs. Morrison (nee White) was very lovely and danced as gracefully as ever. Miss Gyp Armstrong wore a pleated frock of rose pink crepe and enjoyed her little flutter in the dancing set immensely after months of absence from town. Miss Wormun in a dainty pale blue gown with large angel sleeves, and her English cousin, Miss Doherty, in white, were very popular and pretty maidens. Mrs. John I. Davidson in black satin paillette and Miss Davidson in white satin were at the dance with Colonel Davidson. Miss Elsie Keefer came in a princess gown of white trimmed with fringe, and was cavaliere by Mr. Tom Delamere, jr., in his smart dress uniform. Mr. "Bob" Mackay, a veteran oarsman, brought his daughter, Miss Mackay, who wore a mauve crepe gown with white lace. Mr. Featherston Aylesworth brought his mother's pretty guest, Miss Florence Aylesworth of Newburg. Mrs. Sprague wore an overdress of white fringed silk over black. Mrs. Gooderham (nee Patterson) was in pale pink crepe, a petite and dainty little dame. Mrs. Graham Thompson wore her robe des noces of white Liberty satin and chiffon. Miss Warwick of Sunningholm was in pale blue and Miss Coady in pink. One of this season's sweetest debutantes, Miss Grace Rolph, wore white silk and rosebuds in her dark hair—she was quite one of the prettiest girls at the ball. Miss Falconbridge wore white and mauve chiffon with touches of green. Miss Blair Burrows, a debutante of this season, was in white. Miss Violet Wadsworth, who came with her brother, was in pale blue. Miss Harriet Leverich looked very handsome in pale blue with rosebuds and Miss Evelyn Cox wore white. Miss Wallbridge wore white touched with blue, and Miss Muriel

Millicamp, a debutante of the season, wore cream with deep red roses. The ballroom was very effectively done in the Argonaut colors, pale and dark blue, and the stage was set with some fine palms, among which a rattling orchestra played very inspiring music, the cornets being most apropos for some of the dances, and a long programme ending with a new two-step, called "D'Aleandro's Final," being enjoyed to the utmost. Down stairs on the next floor below the ball-room any number of pretty nooks had been arranged for tete-a-tetes, and a particularly brilliant red Japanese umbrella shaded a cosy sofa in the corridor. These arrangements suggested some of the trouble the Argos had taken to make their ball enjoyable to all, as it certainly was. About eleven o'clock, His Honor and his partner led the way to the supper-room, where plenty of decorations brightened up the apartment, the blue electroliers being novel and effective. A square table held a small party who supped with the gubernatorial guests, and shortly after the Lieutenant-Governor and his daughters left for home, attended by the aide-de-camp.

Mr. Percy Tarver, a young English nephew of Mrs. Cattermole, has been for some time on a visit to her home in Spadina avenue, and will remain all winter.

Announcements of the expected arrival of Mrs. O'Hara from Ottawa to reside in Toronto are going the rounds of the papers this week. Mrs. O'Hara and Miss Kathleen have been living for weeks at 492 Church street, as announced in these columns on their arrival. Mr. Geoffrey O'Hara has resigned from the Bank in Ottawa to take up music in Toronto, I understand. Mrs. O'Hara and Miss Kathleen spent the holidays at the Capital.

Day after day have the friends of at least six well-known women in Toronto been grieved to hear of their sorrow in the loss of a parent. To Mrs. Wallace Jones, Mrs. Ferguson and Miss Burton, Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Mrs. W. P. Bull and Mrs. A. B. Aylesworth this bereavement has come quite recently. Mrs. Aylesworth's mother, Mrs. Millar of Newburg, died quite suddenly a few days since, as did also Mrs. Bull's mother, Mrs. Brennan of Hamilton. Sincere sympathy from all is sent in their hour of sorrow.

A rumor is going about of the marriage of a recently widowed Toronto woman to an officer who is said to have admired her greatly for some time. I have not received official confirmation of the occurrence, though a pretty circumstantial account of it is being passed around.

Mrs. Charles Perley Smith (nee Graham) will not receive again until she is settled in her new home, 112 Crescent road. I hear the house will probably not be ready until the spring.

A very sweet young girl came out at Mrs. Delamere's dance and was also a guest at the Engineers' dance this week. Miss Zillah Grantham, who is known in her own circle as "Girle," is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Grantham, and with her six-foot tall twin brother is welcome in many bright gatherings. Miss Grantham's debut escaped my notice at first, but she is now fairly "launched" and I hasten to note the pleasant fact.

The engagement of Miss Eleanor ("Dimples") Cosgrave, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Cosgrave, and Mr. Arthur E. Murdoch of Toronto, is announced. Miss Cosgrave came out last year, and was one of the handsomest of the season's debutantes.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Clark will open the exhibition of foreign pictures on Monday, January 18th, at eight o'clock. His Worship the Mayor and Mrs. Urquhart and other prominent citizens will be present. An excellent musical programme has been arranged for each evening of the exhibition, beginning with one under the auspices of the Daughters of the Empire, on Tuesday evening, January 19th, and followed by evenings of Scotch, Irish and French songs provided by the best talent. Tea will be served by the ladies of the association each afternoon from 4 to 6. Mr. Cockshutt's lecture in St. George's Hall is also a very interesting Monday evening event.

The Strolling Players' Club or tea-room is by this time fait accompli, under the energetic direction of that enthusiastic little lady, Mrs. Harley Roberts, and her friends. Tea was to be at this afternoon in the studio in King street east, opposite the Albany Hotel, and a sponsorship which is a guarantee of excellence both in tone and aims. I foretell a time when the women of Toronto will have a clubhouse and a gym, swimming tank, banquet room and lecture hall, suited to the most fastidious in this rapidly progressing section of our population. The faint request of ten years ago has grown into a loud demand, led by many of the "flat-dwellers" who are restricted in their hospitalities and not always able to command the attention necessary for the proper entertainment of friends. Think, also, what a boon to visiting women a club membership will be, now that Toronto is big enough to attract them regularly. I might mention, "an passant," that I personally know one woman from Buffalo, and have heard of others who regularly employ Toronto tailors, and would be more than glad during their fittings of the privileges of the woman's club (to be "put up" as one's men friends arrange it) not to mention the many Canadians from neighboring cities and towns to whom it would be a boon. Many women would come to town for notable musical, dramatic and social events were it not for their or their husbands' dislike to have them dine alone at a large hotel. This is just one way in which the Woman's Club could be of use.

Invitations have been received to the marriage of Mr. Oscar Leonard Bickford and Miss Edith Wiswall, which will be celebrated on January 23rd at four o'clock, in the Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth avenue and Forty-fifth street, New York. The ceremony will be followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Clarkson Wiswall, 223 West One-hundred-and-thirteenth street, from five to seven o'clock. The bride and groom will spend the honeymoon abroad.

Mrs. Warrington's second musical last Sunday afternoon gathered a congenial coterie of musical people at her apartments in College street. Some charming songs were enjoyed and after the music which Mrs. Parkyn Murray, Mrs. Teetzel, Miss Caffray, Mrs. Wyly Grier and Mr. Hughes provided, tea was daintily served.

Dr. and Mrs. Fisher will be at home on Saturday afternoon, January 16th, from four to six o'clock, in the Conservatory of Music. The reception is given for the staff and will be held in Dr. Fisher's studio.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Ross Robertson and their niece, Miss Kathleen Parmenter, sail to-day (Saturday) from Boston for Egypt. Miss Holland, Mrs. Robertson's sister, who is wintering in the south of France, will join the party at Easter in Rome.

The Ladies' Club is coming into existence in good shape and probably before very long will be an institution we shall wonder how we ever did without. Mrs. Mackenzie of Benvenuto was in the chair, and elected president pro tem, and everything points to a practical and unexceptionable result of the discussion and suggestions at the meeting.

The engagement is announced of Miss Muriel Atkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Atkins of Killingsworth, Eglington, to Mr. Harry Strathy, eldest son of Mrs. J. A. Strathy.

Mrs. Greville Harston has sent out cards for an afternoon tea on next Tuesday, and an evening reception on January 22nd at her home in Willocks street.

Dr. and Mrs. Franklin Dawson entertained a number of friends on Thursday evening at progressive euchre.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Matthews entertained at dinner yesterday evening, and have sent out invitations to a young people's dinner one evening next week.

Mrs. Scott Waldie will receive on Monday and on Monday week at Castle Frank, and not again during the season.

In mentioning the guests at the dinner at Rathnelly I inadvertently omitted the names of the Attorney-General and Mrs. Gibson, who were down for the event.

Mrs. George Gillies has sent out cards for a tea on next Thursday afternoon, from five to seven o'clock, at her home, 180 St. George street.

Mr. Stephen Haas sailed for Europe this week.

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### Foiled by His Own Card.

General Budd, Minister of Railways in Germany, is never more happy than when looking personally after the perfect fulfillment of all rules.

Some time ago he was traveling incognito to Hamburg. In his compartment a countryman entered and at once proceeded to light an enormous and rank cigar. General Budd remarked to him that the rules of the road prohibited anyone from smoking in a compartment without the consent of the other occupants. The smoker did not seem to understand, and continued to exhale fumes like a small volcano. Upon finishing his first cigar he immediately lit another. The general, by this time thoroughly vexed, exclaimed: "I am well acquainted with the rules of the road because I am the Minister of Railways!" At the same time he handed his card to the smoker. The latter condescended to cast a glance at it and stuck it in his pocket, without ceasing for an instant to exhale enormous puffs of smoke.

When the train stopped the countryman silently got out. General Budd by this time was overcome with anger. Calling one of the station officials, he told him to go to the countryman and learn his name, as he intended to have him arrested. Asked his name, the smoker of the big and rank cigars pulled from his pocket a card—that of General Budd—and handed it to his questioner, who, upon glancing at it, at once gave most respectfully the military salute. Afterward, returning to the general, he said: "I believe, my dear sir, that you would do well not to insist about that man breaking the rules of the road. You couldn't arrest him, anyhow, seeing as it is the Minister of Railways himself!" The general did not insist.

### The New Englishwoman.

At one time the Englishwoman had a reputation—and the comfort of having come by it rightfully—as the worst dressed woman in Europe or America, according to the law of fashion, the most practically dressed according to the law of common sense. And now? She observes the mode more scrupulously than the Parisian, and throws common sense to the winds, as if eager to make amends for the crimes of her ill-dressed past. Elizabeth Robins Pennell in "Atlantic Monthly."

### Social and Personal.

On one evening last week Mrs. Larkin of Elm avenue entertained the choir of St. Andrew's Street Methodist Church at her charming home in a very pleasant manner. The hostess excelled herself in the cordiality of her welcome, the completeness of arrangements for the enjoyment of her guests, and the perfection of the dainty supper which followed the skating and indoor amusements. The Larkin home, new and attractive in every detail, boasts of a fine, big outdoor rink some one hundred feet in extent, and those members of the choir who skate enjoyed it tremendously. Mrs. Larkin looked very well in a delicate pink crepe de chine, with large black lace collar, and her guests cherish a bright memory of her attractive personality and very kindly and elegant hospitality.

The sudden failure of Captain Kirkpatrick's strength only a day or so before he and Lady Kirkpatrick were to have set out for Old Point Comfort put an end to the trip for the present. It is hoped, however, that they will be able to start for the South before the end of the month. Lady Kirkpatrick had made all arrangements to shut up Closeburn until the spring, and is still in readiness to devote herself to the invalid as soon as he is able to travel.

On Thursday of last week a bright afternoon was on at Government House, when the usual fortnightly reception was held, to which several visitors in town accompanied their hosts, and were delighted with the improvements inaugurated under the present regime. The opening and consequent festivities on Thursday, with the parliamentary dinners to follow, have somewhat interfered with a certain hospitable programme in which our young folks are particularly interested. I hear that an evening reception for the non-dancing set is to be one of this month's functions at the gubernatorial abode.

After last week's reception a dinner at Rathnelly was given in honor of the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, which was exceedingly well done and most enjoyable. In addition to the guests of honor, Senator and Mrs. J. K. Kerr entertained Sir William and Lady Mulock, Chief Justice and Mrs. Falconbridge, Colonel and Mrs. Otter, Principal and Mrs. Auden, Mrs. Cattinagh, Mrs. Heinemann, Mr. Cockshutt and Mr. Cronyn. The decorations of the table were in white and pink, many little silver jardinières brimming with ferns and flowers.

Sir William and Lady Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. and Master Mulock left on a visit to Mexico last week at very short notice, and thus escaped the grippiness which devastates us at time of writing. There are many less free and favored folk who sighed enviously on hearing of their sudden flight south, wishing that they had the same wings at their disposal. As the Ottawa session is rumored to be rather close at hand, Sir William has taken his little holiday to more genial parts in good time to enjoy an ante-bellum rest, so to speak, and it is hoped Mr. Mulock, who has not been well lately, will find complete restoration in the fine air of the South. The bon voyage and au revoir sent after the party was of great heartiness.

Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander gave a very beautiful dinner in honor of the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark on Tuesday evening, for which sixteen covers were laid. The table was daintily and artistically done in cut-glass and silver, with a center of white satin embroidered in silver, and many exquisite pink roses, silver candelabra and softly-shaded lights. The invited guests were, beside the guests of honor, the Premier and Miss Ross, Sir William and Lady Mulock, Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong Black, Colonel and Mrs. Buchanan, Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Osborne, Mr. Langmuir.

Mrs. Brook of Queen's Park gave a dinner of twenty-four covers on Tuesday evening to a charming party of the young set. The Misses Mortimer Clark were among the guests at this dinner, which was one of the most delightful of many such functions given this season. The genial head of the Brook household has been very ill with grippie for some ten days.

Mrs. Thompson of Vancouver, beautiful as ever and welcomed by hosts of friends, has come east for a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Grantham, who are settled in one of the prettiest houses in that replica of Spotless Town in the West, Albany avenue. It seems difficult to believe that nearly a decade has passed since Bertha Grantham was the prettiest girl in Toronto, especially when one meets her radiant smile and bright eyes in the merry maze of today. Mrs. Thompson has with her a little hair-haired daughter of eight years, her only child, and a very demure and wise little person. They will visit Mrs. Grantham for some time, and later on, I believe, will visit Mrs. Arthur Grantham in Rosedale.

The gift of the good stork was left at brides' terrace, in Elgin avenue, on Sunday, a fine son to Mr. and Mrs. James Foy, Jr., and being in the neighborhood, and war being imminent in Europe, the bird left another young soldier at Mr. and Mrs. Frank Anglin's home the same morning. You know the saying that many boy babies foretell a war, but so long as war locates itself in remote countries the stork may continue the industry.

I announced last week that Mr. and Mrs. C. V. M. Temple had left for Nassau, but did not realize that Mrs. Temple's year of invalidism was the cause of their journey to the balmy South. Every one of the friends of this lady sends kindest wishes for her restoration to strength, and will miss her with regret while she is away.

Mrs. John Bascom of 80 Howard street will receive next Monday, and on the third and fourth Mondays during the season. Mrs. Gerhard Heintzman will receive with her daughter on Monday, which is the first day Mrs. Bascom has been at home since her bridal reception, I believe. Her very cozy and pretty home has been admired by everyone.

Mrs. Kemp and Miss Dollie (Florence)

Kemp accompany Mr. and Mrs. Waldie of Glenhurst to the Mediterranean. They left town on Thursday. I inadvertently stated last week that Mr. Kemp was going south, but, of course, such is not the case, the handsome Toronto Member being due in Ottawa before long. On last Monday and Tuesday Mrs. Waldie received at Castle Frank, and was assisted by her mother and a trio of bridesmaids, the bridal party wearing the dainty white gowns in which they looked so smart at the wedding, and Mrs. Kemp in a sumptuous pale blue and white brocade, with some very handsome lace on the bodice. The drawing-room was continually filled with one group after another of congratulating friends, who greeted the bride and bade bon voyage to her mother in the same hour, as Mrs. Kemp was leaving so shortly. In the dining-room a very brilliant tea-table done in red, with touches of rose-pink carnations, was attended by Miss Norton Beatty, a very pretty debutante, Miss Jessie Waldie and several others. Castle Frank is a home of "magnificent distances," and two or three trips between the drawing-room and dining-room was a regular constitutional, as one pretty relative remarked laughingly. Monday was a bewitchingly lovely winter day, and the visit to Castle Frank a real pleasure, likely to be repeated, for young Mr. and Mrs. Waldie are to visit Mr. Kemp there until their new house is ready, some time in the spring. They have had a grand time honeymooning abroad, and the bride looked as sweet as could be at her receptions.

Bobbing parties are taking the young set out of evenings and leaving their elders quaking at home for fear of serious casualties. One night last week an overladen "bob" collided with one already come to grief on the edge of a steep ravine, with the result of pitching the second load after the first, severely shaking up some of them and really injuring one or more of the girls. I am told that the half-stunned riders had a weird five minutes realizing that they weren't killed, as it was perfectly dark, and they were for a time quite helpless and "non compos." One pretty lassie is laid up ever since.

Miss Abbie May Helmer played Chopin most beautifully to an appreciative lot of music-lovers in the King Edward dining-hall on Wednesday evening. All classes, from the social belle in diamonds and robe de chambre to the earnest young student (who, perhaps, much more fully realized the treat she was enjoying), listened with great delight to the sweet beguillings of Chopin, the dainty delicacy and forceful inspiration of whose music Miss Helmer so ably set forth. Her teacher, Mr. Forsyth, was justly proud of his talented pupil, whose programme was arranged under his supervision. Miss Roberts, also a pupil of the Metropolitan College of Music, sang with much expression and perfect enunciation several songs, which were received with great applause. Two such clever, modest, well-instructed and charming girls united to please their hearers in no ordinary degree. A couple of bouquets were sent up to Miss Helmer after an unusually charming bit, and altogether the recital was quite a happy success.

On Monday evening Dr. Nevitt entertained the students of the Women's Medical College at his home in Bloor street west, where Mrs. Nevitt was, as ever, the kindest and brightest of hostesses. The guests played games for prizes and enjoyed some music, and supper was served at a table ingeniously arranged in the college colors, a blue satin centerpiece and red-shaded candles in black candelabra being the combination introducing the three shades, and some fine carnations beautifying the whole. On Tuesday evening a surprise party in honor of the second daughter's birthday was sprung upon the good host and hostess by some fifty of the younger set, who arrived bringing their own musicians and soon turned the quiet home out for a real gala celebration. The young lady in whose honor the birthday festivities were gotten up by her friends enjoyed the quite unexpected tribute, needless to say. Miss Nevitt, her elder sister, is now away on a trip south, and I hear Rev. Barrington Nevitt, who has never been quite strong since his serious illness, will go very soon to England for a stay of perhaps some years.

Mrs. D. Bruce Macdonald gave a very cozy and enjoyable tea in the principal's quarters at St. Andrew's College last week, in honor of her very much admired sister-in-law, Mrs. Charles Macdonald (nee Magee of London), who received with her. It was not a large affair, but very cordial and informal, and the flower crowned table in the drawing-room "au premier" was comfortably surrounded by a boy of bright women and girls, who braved a rather inclement day to meet so pleasantly. A surprise was to see Lady Kirkpatrick, whose friends thought her far on her way to "Ole Virginny," and were delighted to have her still among them. The Misses Mortimer Clark, Mrs. Armstrong Black, Mrs. and Miss Davidson, Miss Dalrymple, Miss Snively, Mrs. Loudon, Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mrs. George Warren, Miss Gyp Armstrong, Miss Michie, Mrs. A. E. Denison, Miss Ethel Baldwin and Miss Madge Davidson were in charge of the tea-table, and I believe Miss Armstrong was also an assistant, though she was kept busy responding to many warm greetings and not given much time to look after her tea-cups. The decorations of the table were very pretty, lots of pink carnations and shaded candles.

The exhibition of portraits by Mr. Henderson at Roberts' art gallery is still a center of attraction for many Toronto people, who recognize the portraits of so many of their Montreal and Ottawa friends in the collection. Mr. Henderson has made numerous engagements for sittings in the homes of prominent people in this city, who have been impressed with the artistic excellence of his portraits. Mr. Henderson uses only the light of ordinary house-rooms, and his sitters are portrayed in congenial and familiar surroundings, which conduce to natural delineation, and results in portraits which are really characteristic of the sitter.

In speaking of Mr. Henderson's portraits last week a typographical error made the words "line, light and shade" read "line, light and shade." Mr. Henderson uses no artificial light; whatever, this wording is obviously incorrect.

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Benevolent Old Gentleman—Don't you think fishing a cruel sport? Fisherman—I should just think it was. I've been sitting here five hours and never had a single bite, and I've got three wasp stings, and been eaten up with flies, and the sun's taken all the skin off the back of my neck—"Pick-me-up."

A Windsor Magnate.

"Poor old Sir Joseph Devereux died last month, having survived his eighty-seventh birthday just a month. He was born the year after Waterloo, in one of the old houses which then stood below the Curfew Tower, but which have long ceased to exist; and it was his boast that he could remember five sovereigns and four coronations. He was three times Mayor of Windsor—in 1809, 1881 and 1882—and during his third year of office Queen Victoria knighted him. His great delight was to take part in the receptions of illustrious visitors at the Windsor railway stations, in more of which he had figured than could easily be counted, and to talk of the historic scenes in which he had taken part, and the royal and distinguished people with whom he had shaken hands—a list that included nearly all the notabilities in Europe. "One of his cherished anecdotes related to the days when Dr. Keat ruled and switched at Eton, and Sir Joseph's

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Manufacturers of Corsets and Health Waists made to fit the figure by expert designers. Light weight with strong, pliable boning. Hose supporters attached. Imported Corsets always in stock. Repairing and refitting of any make of corsets neatly done. Reliable agents wanted.

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We have the most successful treatments and preparations in Canada for curing complexional, skin and scalp troubles.

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make a poor, coarse, rough, unwholesome-looking skin, blotched with pimples and redheads, pure and fine and restore and rejuvenate a faded and wrinkled complexion. It is within the power of almost everyone to have a healthy skin. Call, write or phone North 1666 for particulars.

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treatments arrest falling hair, prevent grayness, restore dry, dead hair, cure dandruff and all scalp diseases. Consultation invited; no expense.

## SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Moles, Birthmarks, etc., completely eradicated by our successful treatment with Electrolysis. Satisfaction guaranteed. Manicuring, Chiropody, Shampooing, Form Development, etc., etc. Our Book "A Study of Your Face and Figure" sent on request.

Graham Dermatological Institute

Dept. H., 502 Church St., Toronto

Established 1892

father had a hat-shop in Windsor, over which was suspended a huge cockaded hat made of iron. Some young officers of the Guards, who had been Keat's pupils, stole this sign, packed it in a wooden case, and sent it to the headmaster's house, with an inscription stating that it was a present from King George III., who desired that Keat should appear in it at the next levee!—"Modern Society."

## DORENWEND'S Hair Goods Are the Best.

See our large assortment of

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Extra reduction during our Stock-taking.

Have your hair dressed and attended to at our large and commodious dressing rooms.

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is the mirror that reflects her life. "What kind of a reflection will it be if her hair be thin, and generally out of condition? If a woman permits her hair to remain in such a state when she knows it is not at all necessary, there is nothing to be said. If, however, she would bring back her youthful appearance, let her visit . . .

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and in private have demonstrated to her in a very few moments the remarkable results of the

Self-Dressing Wave will work in the reflection. The Pember Self-Dressing Waves cannot be approached outside of Paris.

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Thousands who eat under protest would feel new appetite created at once by using

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It creates a natural appetite.

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## Turkish Bath Reaction

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A course of Turkish Baths at Cook's is better than medicine. Cosy cooling rooms, quiet sleeping accommodations, dainty bill of fare, modern and scientific throughout.

Prices, 6 to 9 p.m., 75c. Before 6 p.m., during day, and all night, including sleeping accommodation, \$1.00.

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## Kay's Carpet Remnants Are Really Splendid Bargains.

Kay's carpet policy, in a few words, aims to provide the largest and very choicest selection in Canada. Such a wide selection requires a very large stock, and an extensive stock implies a large business. A big business means short ends or remnants—a great many of them. Great variety means still more short ends and remnants.

"Remnant" is synonymous with "bargain," and that word here has real significance.

The past year has been an exceptionally active one in our carpet department—in fact the largest in the history of this house.

The number of remnants is therefore unusually large and our stock of bargains is in proportion.

And the tendency in our carpet trade the past year has been to the best qualities, so that our remnants this month are of a higher quality than in any previous year.

We have made up these remnants in every possible size and shape to make them suitable for any room.

In many of them the border and body are a perfect match—in others there is a pleasing contrast. Some have plain, solid-color centers with suitable borders. Some of them are cross-seamed in the body, but the pattern almost invariably is a true match.

They include exceptionally heavy Axminster of the finest quality, such as fine worsted "Victorians," very heavy "Alberts," and the regular "Imperials"; also fine Brussels, Axine Wiltons, Velvets, and every other kind we handle. The regular prices have been \$1.25 to \$3.25 per yard, and in fixing our prices we have estimated about half and thrown in the making.

There are now in stock almost 300 carpets made up.

Just two or three quotations to show the trend of prices:

- Heavy Axminster, 10 ft. 6 in. x 10 ft. 3 in., (21 yds.), \$20.00.
- Heavy Axminster, 13.3 x 9.9, \$26.00.
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- Axine Wilton, 10 x 8.3, \$16.00.
- And so on through the whole 300.

### For Out of Town.

Out-of-town customers may send us the size of room and approximate colors desired and we will gladly send full descriptions and prices to meet their requirements.

## John Kay, Son & Co., LIMITED

36-38 King Street West, Toronto

## The Boycotting of Croesus Jenkins

By FRANCES WILSON

BIXBY was young, poor and ambitious; but all that he needed, according to the oft-repeated formula of his self-communion, was a "start."

"Just let me get onto the first round of the ladder and I'll climb to the top all right," he was in the habit of saying to himself. "But how to reach the first round—that's the question."

Thereupon he would wrinkle his forehead in a way that suggested a severe disturbance in the gray matter behind it and stare fixedly at the first object in his line of vision—a living illustration of the French adage concerning the premier pas.

For the rest, he added up columns of figures and made out balance sheets month after month, with a sort of rebellious fidelity, thereby earning a living. But the work was like the clanking of a prisoner's chains to his aspiring soul. He worked doggedly and well, but he was always on the watch for a chance to slip off the handcuffs that linked him to Necessity—the chance that would enable him to prove once for all whether or not he was the man he believed himself to be.

At last, he fancied it had come, though to the casual reader it was nothing but a brief newspaper paragraph announcing the organization of an enterprise to be called The Immutability Trust Company. Following a condensed statement of the scope of the business the company would undertake, came a list of the organizers and at the head of the list stood the name of Croesus Jenkins.

When young Bixby read that name imagination swept him off his feet. He saw himself etching the lower round of the ladder that leads to the Top in a running jump. He glowed, he chuckled aloud in anticipation of the coming fray—for he knew that you have to fight your way inch by inch at the foot of the ladder.

A man occupying the same seat in the car—one of those substantial citizens whom wealth had made somewhat timid on the subject of cranks—glanced at him furtively. But he returned to his newspaper reassured upon discovering nothing more formidable than an ordinary young man with a trance-like expression.

"Men crowding and pushing and jostling each other," the young man was thinking, "some of them almost done for, but hanging on for dear life! That's what it's like. It takes nerve and staying power to succeed—and you can't stop to sympathize with the fellow who's being trampled on in the crowd. If you do, you'll be trampled on yourself! The weak ones will drop—but not this fellow!"

His lips closed in a determined line, and in the tingling elation that he felt, he would have liked to shout his resolution. Indeed, for a moment he half believed that he had shouted it, so crisply and clearly it rang in his ears. But the undisturbed absorption of the men about him refuted that idea.

At the thought it was not as yet really a chance but only the possibility of a chance, his feelings sobered. Probably a good many other men beside himself would be seeking Croesus Jenkins' influence. He recalled with a foolish satisfaction the phrase that the potentate so often used at prayer-meetings: "He counted the members of that church; he had often said, 'his brothers in the Lord.' Also, the young man remembered hopefully that the millionaire always addressed him as "Brother" Bixby. Then he smiled at his own childishness in trying to extract encouragement from such trifles.

A shadowy recollection of some story he had heard of the great man's treatment of one of the brethren who had asked a favor of him flitted across his mind, leaving a vague unpleasantness. Bixby shook himself impatiently. To admit thoughts of that sort was to invite defeat. Time enough to think about refusals and the manner of them when he himself was refused.

Still, he could not rid himself of the feeling that he would have preferred to ask someone else—someone who "operated" in good works on a smaller scale. "Well, he can't do more than say, 'No goods at retail,'" he grinned to himself at last, carrying out an image that flitted across his mind, "and I'm sure that I'm man enough to stand that!"

So the letter asking for Mr. Jenkins' influence to help him secure a place with the new trust company was sent.

### II.

The name of Croesus Jenkins is too well known to require comment. But even if it were not, it is self-explanatory—the surname symbolizing well enough what he was born to, the Christian name what he has achieved.

The story goes that the name was bestowed by a poor and shiftless father in the spirit of wagsmanship. If so, the son, with masterly skill, has removed the sting of the jest by making the name come true.

Though honor is a greater thing by far than money, it is the man who can give a certified cheque for a million every morning and afternoon for a month if he wants to who makes a noise in the world. The Golden Calf still has a shrine in many hearts.

So the hundreds of strangers who from time to time climb to the top of the big public coach and in a sweet spirit of reciprocity allow New York to breathe while they see it, always listen in breathless curiosity when the guide, standing up and putting his megaphone to his lips, shouts:

"The mansion on your right is the city home of Croesus Jenkins. His



A little Sunlight Soap will clean cut glass and other articles until they shine and sparkle. Sunlight Soap will wash other things than clothes.

wealth can't be estimated. This house cost \$5,000,000. There isn't another one like it in the country."

Upon one such occasion, a graceless scoffer (from the West, no doubt!) was heard to murmur mildly:

"Not another like it in the country, eh? That's the most hopeful thing I've heard about the U. S. for a long time!" But the other members of the party were highly scandalized. There are people who do not appreciate expensiveness when they see it!

### III.

Benevolence, on a large scale, appealed to Croesus Jenkins. It left a rosy after-glow. Moreover, there was something distinctly pleasant in giving away a huge sum and then listening to the noise of the gift as it went reverberating across the continent. He liked the natives to gasp at his generosity. It made him feel his oats—that is to say, his money—as did nothing else. It was sport royal. Also, sport religious.

But for personal helpfulness, for those small sympathetic services that make life a tender and beautiful experience, he had no taste whatever, and it affronted him that the lesser men with whom he came in contact should ever presume to bring their petty appeals to him. Insignificant matters of that sort were not for an expert philanthropist.

Besides, had he listened to their clamors and investigated them, it would have required an army of secretaries—and even a Croesus Jenkins has his economies!

So when the note from young Bixby was placed before him, he glanced through it impatiently and with a grunt of contempt, tossed it into the waste basket, little guessing how significant an action he had performed. For once his judgment had erred. Perhaps he had never noticed Bixby's chin!

At any rate, he was afflicted with something akin to color-blindness on the following Sunday morning. He saw his other acquaintances in the congregation and greeted them as usual. But he could not see Bixby!

The latter, angry and amazed, turned away from the church door writhing with humiliation. He wanted to kick himself for having written the letter. Still, because his name was a synonym for money, did it follow that Jenkins was relieved from the amenities of life?

This and many other confusing questions the slighted one asked himself in hot resentment. Then his mood changed. Nonsense! No man would purposely behave in such a manner. Mr. Jenkins had not seen him! Probably he had not had time to reply to his note.

By degrees he reasoned himself into a more charitable frame, but as the days of the new week passed slowly by without bringing so much as the line of refusal which was now all that he expected, his indignation burned afresh.

Sunday morning again. This time he was determined to find out for a certainty whether the millionaire was deliberately ignoring him. He stepped squarely in front of him.

"Good morning, Mr. Jenkins," Reluctantly that gentleman's eyes tore themselves from some distant object and rested in unpleased recognition on the speaker's face.

"Good morning," That was all. Moreover, his tone implied that the greeting was wrung from unwilling lips. No "Brother" Bixby—no extended hand!

He was turning away, but young Bixby detained him.

"At present, Mr. Jenkins," he said firmly, "may I ask whether a note that I sent you ten days ago ever reached you?"

"I never pay any attention to notes of that sort, Mr. Bixby," was the frigid reply, accompanied by a movement that said plainly that he did not wish to be troubled further.

### IV.

The younger man turned on his heel after this rebuff, outwardly calm, but inwardly seething. The fires of anarchy, that lie deeply buried in most of us, were fanned to a flame.

"Damn him!" he muttered between his teeth. "Damn him!"

Reprehensible at all times, this language was nothing less than shocking, coming from the lips of one churchman and condemnatory of another. Possibly it should be suppressed!

Still, an exurgated story never rings exactly true. One shrinks from his hypocritical decorum. If you tell the story at all, it seems to me, it should be told as it happened. So I repeat that as Harold Bixby walked down the street in the sunlight that lay on the houses and pavement like a lazy smile, he said "Damn him!"—meaning Croesus Jenkins.

At that very moment the dame—if I may be allowed to take a liberty with my mother tongue—was standing at the foot of the pulpit steps, discussing with a good, but dazzled, pastor the details of a hundred thousand dollar gift to a parochial charity. If he forgot to stipulate that the giver should be nameless, who can blame him? And the reader must decide for himself whether this fact exaggerates the intemperateness of the young man's language, or not.

"Christianity," sputtered the latter's thoughts, "he doesn't know what it is! Self-glory I call it. I notice that his good works always leak out. He gets the credit all right. Wonder what the Lord thinks about it. It's sickening the way people cringe to money. He's in almost as much of a box as Midas was—and then people applaud him for giving away a little of it. The millions he gives away are only a part of the surplus he can't use—can't even count. Umph! Just as much reason to praise him as he buys himself a yacht or an automobile."

Just here these uncharitable meditations were brought to an abrupt end by a misstep that brought Bixby down on one knee with an unpleasant shock, his hat resting playfully on the end of his nose, as if it were cutting up antics for the express purpose of making him laugh.

Trivial as the incident was, it served to divert him. Croesus Jenkins ceased for the moment to occupy the entire stage of his mind's action, and when his attention returned to the latter once

"When Physicians of High Order" recommend its use to nervous and dyspeptic people you may safely assume "it's all right."

## "SALADA"

CEYLON tea is delicious and economical. Black, Mixed or Natural Green.

Sold only in sealed lead packets. By all grocers.

more, some capricious counter current of thought had shifted his point of view.

After all, it was not Jenkins' fault if he had come to think himself a sort of god among men! How could he think otherwise with everybody staring, pointing him out, photographing, interviewing and flattering? Did acquaintances ever give him the careless nod and smile accorded to less marked men? By no means! He was greeted with a sort of painful constraint by the small fry—a smirk in which a desire to please and fluttered vanity at knowing the great Jenkins were mixed.

There reflections surged through Bixby's mind carrying away the last vestige of resentment. He had felt against Jenkins, leaving it clean-swept, clear and ready to receive the new idea that was soon to possess it.

Wondering if, perchance, there should not be a legal limit to regulate private fortunes, he prepared the way for the entrance of the thought that was destined to work so great a change in the status of millionaires which was to hold them in leash, like balloons moored to the earth, when inflated by the magnitude of their possessions, they should attempt to soar to those heights where only great goodness or great intellect can rightfully place a man.

Slowly, impressively, the great thought rose above his mental horizon in the form of a question.

"Where would be the power of Croesus Jenkins and his kind if the public ignored them?"

Fragmentarily he thought of Samson shorn of his strength—of the lepers of Molokai—

### V.

Harold Bixby was a changed man. He no longer strove for, or even desired, financial advancement. Enough money for his decent needs was all that he asked. A sterner, more colossal ambition than the acquiring of wealth gripped his soul. The fascination of a gigantic scheme had laid its thrall upon him—nothing less than the idea of opposing to the masterful, material thing called Money, the neutralizing effect of that immaterial suppler thing called Mind!

Originating as the idea had in the muddy waters of personal animosity, it had been purged and broadened by purges of feeling until it bore no taint of the bitterness of beginning. Silently the idea widened and deepened until it overflowed his entire personality and he knew but one desire—to find out whether the hypnotizing influence of enormous wealth that steals into the brains of men, causing them to see things all awry, might not be successfully combated by the elusive, subtle power of public opinion.

That was the problem he had set himself to solve, and he flung himself into the task with a zeal that burned as steadily as an altar fire.

Sometimes, with a grave, preoccupied smile, he would think of those grade days when he himself had longed for wealth. And again of that later time when he had hotly questioned the need of a wealth-restraining law.

He was wiser now. He knew that the way of the reformer should lie across-lots—that the short-cut out of dilemmas should lead straight to the thing behind all law—public opinion.

"The man who wittily and knowingly accumulates more than five millions," he wrote in one of the circulars of his propaganda, "should be treated as a social leper. The glamor of wealth fascinates men with a baneful charm, making them but puppets in the hands of its possessors and building up, slowly and surely, the New Slavery. Is it fitting that a man should behave like a servile monkey when a rich man's glance falls upon him or that he should run to carry out his behests—worthy or unworthy—like an eager child hopeful of reward? Is this the spirit that has made America? Is it not rather the spirit of monarchies? Be men, you who read this, not lackeys!"

Steadily, unremittently he worked—never flagging, never growing discouraged, becoming daily more enamored of

### Worry

A Sure Starter for Ill Health.

Useless worrying (a form of nervousness) is indirectly the result (through the nerves) of improper feeding. A furniture man of Memphis says:

"About a year ago I was afflicted with nervous spells, would worry so over trivial things."

"I went to consult one of the best physicians in Memphis and he asked among many questions if I drank coffee. 'His advice was: Go to some provision store and get a box of Postum, drink it in place of coffee and as you are confined to your desk to a great extent try and get out in the open air as much as possible.' I followed his instructions regarding the Postum."

"At that time my weight was 142, and I was taking all kinds of drugs and medicines to brace me up, but all failed; to-day I weigh 165 and all of my old troubles are gone, and all the credit is due to having followed this wise physician's advice and cut off the coffee and using Postum in its place."

"I now consider my health perfect. I am willing to go before a notary public and testify that it was all due to my having used Postum in place of coffee." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason for quitting the drug-drink coffee, and there's a reason for drinking Postum. Trial 10 days proves them all.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

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## China Decorators!

Mrs. J. B. Young  
Importer of Fine White French and  
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The stomach, trained in the short time is also has been before it is unproven, a single small conviction.

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the magnificent abstraction of his ambition. If he used the name of Croesus Jenkins, as in the circular quoted below, it was only to point an object lesson for the public he was striving to educate. Jenkins was simply the shining mark selected for the testing of the Great Idea.

"Is Croesus Jenkins of different clay from yourselves—is he porcelain to your earthenware," he wrote satirically in Circular No. 342, "that you stand and gaze when he rolls past in his carriage; wear that obsequious smile when you greet him and train your cameras upon him and his? Shame upon you! Better avert your eyes when he passes that you may avoid seeing the man who exceeds by some sixty-odd millions the sum that any right-minded citizen should be willing to possess. Demand of your editors that the articles describing him, his family and his possessions, cease. Write them that you sicken of his name, weary at the description of his wife's jewels, are nauseated with the lists of his benefactions! Let him feel your silent disapproval!"

The following excerpt from Circular No. 1022 of the Society for the Preservation of the Public Equilibrium, as the propaganda of the Great Idea was now known, hints that public opinion had begun to swing into line and that the time had come to bind its adherents to an explicit course of action.

"Help to make the man who holds more than \$5,000,000 of the world's wealth an outcast!"

"Dynamite? Never. Violence is the weapon of the ignorant. As well try to mend a watch with a monkey-wrench! Listen! The opinion of the people governs the world. Bind yourselves to observe the following rules, and you will have no need to complain of the money power."

If the name of Croesus Jenkins is used, it is only that he is the head and front of the offenders. We begin with him!

Rules.  
"Never read a line concerning this man, his family, or his belongings. Besiege your newspapers with demands that such articles cease. Never glance toward him, his house nor anything that is his."

"Refuse all intercourse with him. Let him choose between his sixty superfluous millions and the companionship of his race!"

VI.  
It is proverbial that public opinion is a shifty thing. The hour had come when this truism was to be driven home to Croesus Jenkins with a stunning force. For some time he had had an uneasy sense of change and difference in the sentiment of the public toward him, but he refused to analyze it. Even before there was any tangible expression of the change, he had felt its coming, like the chill of an approaching iceberg.

Then one day a man with a camera passed his house without so much as looking toward it, notwithstanding the fact that he himself was standing in the doorway at the moment. To say that he was dazed expresses it mildly. He actually doubted the evidence of his own eyes. Then, assuring himself that the man *had* been blind, he dismissed the idea from his thoughts.

But try as he would, he could not banish the idea that some subtle revolution was going on in the minds of the people. The straws that show which way the wind blows were numerous—passers did not gaze at his house as of yore, reporters no longer dogged his waking hours, tradesmen treated him with an easy negligence.

Though at first this indifference had given him a thrill of freedom—making him feel at liberty to yawn, stretch, and be himself—the feeling soon passed. He had sipped the insinuating draught of public envy and admiration too long. The poison was in his system. He could not do without its stimulating influence. As the astute Bixby points out in one of the now famous circulars: "The possession of excessive wealth deteriorates its possessor, as well as the men about him."

"I might as well be a day laborer," he fretted to himself one morning when he had gone all the way from his home to Wall Street and back without provoking a ripple of observation. "Privacy is all very well, but by Jove!"

In spite of his indignant protest, the indifference spread with the rapidity of a river overflowing its banks. By one device after another he tried to stem "the waters of oblivion" that threatened him.

Parting the rich lace curtains that screened the windows of his home, he would stand in full view of the street for a half hour at a time, thinking with a pang of the days when such an action would have drawn a crowd in less than five minutes. Now, no one seemed to notice. One man, indeed, glanced up inadvertently, then looked away abruptly as if he had seen something monstrously offensive.

### The Way Out

What to Do When Food Doesn't Agree.

When food doesn't agree sensible folks make a change.

Where all others fail Grape-Nuts, being predigested and all nourishment, succeeds, usually from the first trial.

A lady of Washington says: "My baby 19 months old had never seen a well day in her life. She had suffered from indigestion from the time of her birth and it seemed impossible to find any food to agree with her. She could keep almost nothing on her stomach, and her bowels were in such a constipated condition she suffered a great deal."

"It was then that I tried Grape-Nuts for her, steeping it thoroughly and straining it, putting a small portion in each feeding, and it worked like a charm. She began to improve immediately and gained half a pound the first week."

"Baby got her indigestion from me, for my digestive organs have always been weak. I rely on Grape-Nuts for most of my food, for there are times when I can eat nothing else at all but Grape-Nuts. I am steadily improving and know it will entirely cure me in time. I never have that tired feeling any more. I eat Grape-Nuts and I feel its effects in improved mental strength very forcibly." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

But Jenkins was a born fighter. He tried a new tack. Summoning his secretary, he dictated the following letter: "Common decency demands that something be done to protect men of wealth from the persistent and annoying attentions of the public. In whatever direction a member of the upper class may turn, he is followed and photographed until life is a burden. In the name of justice I demand a modicum of that privacy that every human being is entitled to."

"Sign that 'A Victim,' and send it in duplicate to each of the daily papers," he directed briefly.

Simmons, the secretary, bowed respectfully and walked out of the room with a lively appreciation of the opaqueness that prevents a smile from showing at the back of the head. Who laughs last may laugh best, but that quiet little smile that a humble secretary may indulge in behind Machiavelli's back is not a thing to be despised!

"If that letter doesn't bring 'em around," the millionaire muttered, "the game must be nearly up."

His conclusion was entirely correct; the game was nearly up. Not a paper printed the communication he had sent!

### VII.

"Bring me the clippings for the last year, Simmons," Jenkins commanded as the secretary appeared in response to his ring.

In a few minutes they were lying on the table before him—four packages whose dwindling bulk displayed at a glance the rapid diminution of his press notices. The largest package, though small in comparison with the quarterly packages of former years, was huge when compared to the latest one. There was no need to open them. What had occurred was plain to be seen without that.

Dismissing Simmons, Jenkins lighted a cigar, put his feet upon the table, and prepared to face the facts.

He recalled the marriage of his second daughter some fifteen months before, remembering that he had noticed wonderingly that the proletariat was turning out in no such numbers as at the wedding of his daughter Vera, two years earlier. At the time of Vera's wedding, a few enthusiastic souls, determined to miss no detail of the highly important affair, had stationed themselves on the curbstone at daybreak. He had sent the butler out with an arrogant request that they disperse. He half wished now that he had sent him with coffee and rolls instead!

Many other instances of a similar sort crowded his mind, but so accustomed was he to thinking of the public as a faithful yellow dog that trotted at his heels and gazed at him with faithful eyes, whether he smiled or frowned, that it was a good while before he could get rid of the idea.

But the longer he considered the matter the more clearly he saw that there is small comfort in being a god, if the shrine be neglected, if no tapers burn, no incense rise! What use of playing the leading part, if the seats are all empty? What use of preaching, if there's no one to listen?

And so by degrees a ghostly outline of the Great Idea appeared to him. He began to perceive that the distinction of wealth exists only by favor of the toiling, good-natured, unthinking masses—that lacking the tribute of their open-mouthed attention, his fortune could secure him no pre-eminence.

He might keep on buying, of course. But with none to gaze and wonder, that would be too pointless! The limit to the pleasure produced by the ability to purchase things, like that to the amount of pain that we can endure—is soon reached. Beyond that limit, possessions cease to please and tortures lose their power.

"But the public never found its power out without help," he said aloud, dropping his feet to the floor and emphasizing his conclusion by a resounding thump on his desk that brought Simmons to the door, wondering if the stroke that scrawls "fnis" across so many opulent lives had come. "Who's put them up to it? That's what I want to know!"

Habit dies hard. For years it had been his custom "when in doubt," to turn to his cheque book. He opened it now and slowly dated a cheque. Then he fell into a brown study. His belief in the supremacy of money was not yet dislodged. He would do something more magnificent than anything he had yet attempted. He would give the public imagination a shock that would compel response! Ten millions—twenty if need be—he would devote to this new benefaction. He rather thought that would bring the people back to their allegiance!

By a curious coincidence, the S. P. P. E. was on that very day distributing far and wide the following significant fable: "There was once a man who owned a great orchard—an orchard much larger and finer than any of his neighbors possessed. There came a year when the fruit crop was prodigious, and strive as he would, the owner of the orchard was unable to handle the fruit his trees had produced. He couldn't sell it—couldn't use it. Bushels of it lay rotting under the trees. So at last the man invited all who wanted any to come and help themselves."

"Nobody fainted at his generosity!"

### VIII.

The shot that Croesus Jenkins fondly hoped would be heard "round the world" had been fired. With more eagerness than he had known since the early days of his career when the bacilli of success first began to whirl through his blood, he awaited the comments of the newspapers.

The first heading that his eye fell upon gave him a thrill of triumph. "Another of Jenkins's Astounding Gifts," it read. To be sure, the notice that followed fell somewhat tamely on the mind, lacked the enthusiasm of the adjective "astounding," as it were. Still he felt that the public pulse was beginning to quicken.

His hopes were unfounded. "Out of the sixty millions or so that he has lying fallow," said the second journal, "Croesus Jenkins purposes to devote a few to the betterment of mankind. We may be wrong, but we confess that the gift touches our imagination less than the deed of the Widow Malloy, who, from the earnings gained by going out washing by the day, lately

gave a Thanksgiving dinner to twenty street waifs!"

"The great Jenkins," scoffed another, "relaxes his grip on another ten millions. Does he think the bells of heaven are ringing?"

But the one that touched him to the quick was the most influential of them all. It swept him aside in one derisive line:

"Arrah, go on, Jenkins!"

And that was all. Baffled and humiliated, he admitted his defeat. But when the first heat of his feeling had cooled he found himself admiring the penetration of the mind that had reached the goal by a new road; that had avoided the main-traveled way to power—and come out ahead of them all! While others strove for money, he with diabolical foresight had found a way to neutralize its power.

"It's a boycott! I see through it all now," the helpless rich man mused. "And it's up to me! But I want to see the fellow who's discovered the antidote for money. I couldn't have juggled with the public more successfully myself!"

### IX.

While waiting to be announced to the president, Jenkins glanced about the office of the S. P. P. E. with a good deal of curiosity.

"Um—place has all the discomforts of reform anyway!" he reflected, with whimsical humor. Then he fell to wondering how good a chance he had of making a deal with these stern conservators of the public mind.

"This way, sir!" said the office boy, throwing open a door, and in another moment the astounded millionaire found himself in the presence of Bixby—grown older and more hollow of face, to be sure, but undoubtedly the Bixby of other years, the Bixby so long since snubbed and forgotten!

"Tall trees from little acorns grow!" In the confusion of the moment, Jenkins heard himself uttering this absurdly applicable but somewhat impolitic truth.

"Er—that is—I mean," he stammered helplessly. "Long time since we met, you know!" He laughed weakly in the hope of giving his unfortunate remark a jocular turn.

But if Bixby felt any resentment, his manner did not show it. He greeted his caller with the quiet poise of a man who knows his power, and with a flash of intuition that gentleman, noting the calm face, the sunken eyes, the unwavering mouth and the chin that guarded the face like a citadel—abandoned his plan of buying up the Society. It no longer seemed feasible.

"I'm up against it this time," he decided rapidly. "He has the whip-hand and he knows it!"

Then a curious exhilaration tingled in his nerves. A crisis had come and the gameness of the man, which was one of the resplendent qualities of a character warped and distorted by the fierce heat of prosperity, rose to meet it. He drove straight at the object of his visit.

"There's no use of beating about the bush, Bixby," he began, with a level look at the president of the S. P. P. E. "You have me running. You know that as well as I do. I'm like the man without a country!"

"No financial loss, I hope!" queried Bixby, softly.

If a smile showed in his deep-set eyes and flickered for a moment on his lips, surely he may be forgiven. To every man his turn, say I!

Jenkins gave a contemptuous grunt. The arrogance of wealth still clung to his mind.

"Don't rub it in!" he advised dryly. "Don't be afraid that I'm missing any of the grand humor of it! The idea is superb. I don't mind saying that I take off my hat to you. I've got money to burn—but what's the use—"

Bixby interrupted him by a gesture. "That's just it, my friend," he said, impressively. "What is the use? Does it make a man better—make his heart softer? Or does it give him the idea that he's some sort of a divine under study, temporarily acting for the deity?"

Once more Jenkins snorted contemptuously. "I might answer your question by another," he replied, incisively. "Suppose that you had fifty millions yourself. Would you be as keenly alive to the baneful influences of wealth as you are at present?"

A smile, dreamy, mellow, beatific, overspread Bixby's face as the rising sun does the landscape. He had the look of one to whom the parting clouds afford a glimpse of heaven. Then the vision passed.

"The question is ruled out!" he observed, airily. The two men looked at each other.

"The terms?" asked Jenkins at last, his voice slightly roughened by feeling.

"Restitution of everything above five millions," was the business-like rejoinder.

At the special meeting of the Society's Equalization Board next day, the secretary wrote the word "Persuaded" in red ink across the name of Croesus Jenkins in the Society's record.—From the "Reader."

### Holiday Ills Are Quickly Cured

If You Give Your Stomach a Rest by Using **Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets**—They are Condensed Comfort.

In these after-holiday times nearly everyone is feeling the effects of indigestion. Some are troubled with pains in the stomach, others find food and gas rising in their throats, and yet others are subject to fits of low spirits and despondency that utterly unfit them for work of any kind.

In all cases there is only one thing to do and that is to help the stomach to return to its normal working condition. It wants rest and the rest it wants is best furnished by Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. They do the work of digestion while the stomach rests and recuperates. They bring relief almost immediately and soon send renewed energy to all parts of the body. That they cure indigestion of any stage is evidenced by thousands. H. A. Coles of St. Mary's River, Guysboro County, N.S., says:

"I had stomach trouble for about five years and it finally got so bad I was taken to my bed and the doctor called in. He did me no good, and as I was suffering terribly my wife suggested that I give Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets a trial. I am heartily thankful that I did. I took seven boxes in all, which cured me so completely that I have had no return of the trouble."

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## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

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IN speaking of the recent visit of that delightful comedy, "The Earl of Pawtucket," to Toronto, the New York "Tribune" says that the engagement "was watched with much interest by Augustus Thomas, the author of the farce, as it was the first time since the production was made that audiences British in sympathy filled the theater. 'The Earl of Pawtucket' is to be produced in London, and Mr. Thomas has not felt altogether certain of its reception there. In Toronto the play was quite as well received as in this city." The significance of this paragraph will be rather amusing to those Torontonians who were fortunate enough to witness the performance. It is evident that the New York "Tribune" and Mr. Thomas imagine that the play is a satire on the English gentleman. In Toronto, I think it is safe to say, the audience thought the roast was on the other side, for while Lord Cardington was not, to use his own phrase, "superficially alert," he was so unmistakably a cultured gentleman that he put the smart but vulgar New Yorkers, who ordered pie for breakfast, most decidedly in the shade. Mr. Thomas need have no fear that his play will not take in London on account of the ridiculous figure that his hero cuts. It is quite likely that the Cockneys will roar at the expense of "American" society as represented by the judge, senator, strong-minded female, ruffianly officials and ill-mannered servants. It is odd how different a thing many appear when viewed from opposite sides.

Robert Mantell is here again, this time at the Princess, in one of his romantic plays. This well-known actor, who has a host of admirers that never fail him, is just as good-looking as when we last saw "The Face in the Moonlight," his voice is just as musical and well modulated, and his company—with one exception—about the same as we have greeted on former occasions. The piece, "The Light of Other Days," approaches melodrama, abounding in exciting incidents, generously seasoned with romance. The action opens in the time of the French Revolution. It calls for some rather heavy work, and while in the present case some of it is depicted very cleverly, the remainder lacks depth and displays a want of finish that is rather deplorable. The leading lady, Miss Marie Booth Russell, is an excellent match for Mr. Mantell in the tender past scenes. Her stage presence is altogether attractive and she is possessed of a clear, silvery voice that carries well. She appears first as a widowed countess, doomed to death, and later is charming as a light-hearted girl (the roles represented being those of mother and daughter), with whom Maurice Desmond, the principal in the piece—Mr. Mantell, of course—falls in love as he did with her mother before her. This reflection of this grand passion lends the title to the production. Several members of the company do fairly good work, one worthy of mention being Miss May Maurice, who poses as an Irish landlady. She introduces a dash of comedy that proves very acceptable where romance reigns supreme. Romance, to be sure, is altogether delightful, the clanking of swords is wildly exciting, but when they course continually through a prologue with three scenes and then four rather lengthy acts, it must be admitted they become monotonous. The scenic effects are good. In the prologue the audience is treated to a glimpse of blue swishing waters, over which a great full moon looks down. The scene is almost as effective if not so striking as the storm in Mrs. Rake's play, "Mary of Magdala." It is all very pretty, but the story is rather improbable. Still, Mr. Mantell is an actor worthy of the name, and he makes an ideal lover, so let the matinee girl rush to the Princess!

That ever popular play, "Arizona," is again drawing the crowds, and the Grand has been the popular resort for theatergoers this week. Of this well-known piece it is scarcely necessary to speak in detail. Suffice it to say that the present company does it justice. The players enter so heartily into the parts assigned them, the theme of the production is so invigorating, that the general effect is distinctly refreshing. The life of the rancher and that of the soldier blend harmoniously and a fitting background is furnished by stage settings that portray realistically the aspect of existence on the plains of Arizona. Some excellent character acting is done by Miss Alma Bradley as Bonita Canby, the wealthy rancher's young daughter, to whose hand Lieutenant Denton of the 11th United States Cavalry (the part being taken by Mr. Francis M. Ball) aspires. These roles require an amount of whole-souled sincerity thrown into them and they are taken admirably. Miss Bradley takes to perfection the part of the innocent child of the plains, and her face is a study in its bright intelligence and versatility, while the soldier lover wins all hearts. Mr. Joseph Greene makes the typical rancher, and Mr. Ben Deane a very fine Dr. Fenlon, surgeon in the cavalry. There's a Spaniard who is quite enchanting, a Chinese cook with an affecting accent, and a gentlemanly villain who finds himself dying in the last act. Let us hope before he reaches the pearly gates leading from the Grand into Adelaide street he has made his peace with his erstwhile enemies. Otherwise he'll have an outraged father in the form of a sergeant, a much wronged husband in the garb of a colonel, an irate mother and a furious Mexican lover at his heels, to say nothing of and reproachful glances of the girl-wife of another man and likewise those of a pretty maid-servant. But no doubt he settles all accounts, so let him rest in peace and—here's to "Arizona."

The Behman Show at Shea's this week presents a bill of fare which on the whole is entertaining and laugh-provoking, but possesses a certain degree of horse play quite unnecessary. Carson and Willard are old characters with new suits, and a few new jokes, some of which are in no sense refined. George Felix in "The Doings of Johnnie Jones" represents an exceedingly droll buffoon who provides fun at every point. Benton and Brooks offer a refined comedy skit, "A Can of Humor," depicting the proverbial caddy and the Chicago business man, in which among other things our much-abused post-office is compared to Noah's ark. The Russell brothers afford immense merriment in "A Romance of New Jersey," in which they impersonate two up-to-date servants. The Roscoe Midgels are as entertaining as ever in their smart gymnastics and

smashing boxing bout. Edgar Bixley is a parodist of more than ordinary merit, appearing in rollicking songs which call forth deserved encores. The Livingstons are refined acrobats in new and stirring events, while Sullivan and Pasquelina dance and sing.

Miss Catherine Proctor of this city has been engaged as principal with Maude Adams in her new play, "The Pretty Sister of Jose." Miss Proctor's part is that of Sarita, a Spanish girl, and offers considerable scope for emotional acting, and her portrayal of the character has caused much favorable comment from those high in the theatrical world.

The leading feature of the bill at Shea's Theater next week will be Marie Dressler, who will not doubt one of the funniest, most entertaining women on the stage. Miss Dressler always has something new and witty to spring on her audience, and her humor has a way of getting to the audience quickly. Miss Dressler can make a face that will cause a laugh and then tell a story that will cause another laugh. It is her style of talking to the people that has carried her to the front and made her one of the highest salaried women on the stage. Mr. and Mrs. Gardner Crane will appear in a comedy by Edmund Day, entitled "Am I Your Wife?" Mr. and Mrs. Crane are new in Toronto, but they have met with great success in other vaudeville theaters, and their sketch is said to be one of the best produced this season. Mr. Crane as Tom Monroe and Jack Monroe, twin brothers, furnishes the foundation for the act, as the bewildered wife does not know which of the brothers is her husband. The fact that Mr. and Mrs. Crane are good actors and that Edmund Day wrote the sketch is sufficient proof that everything will be of the best. The Kauffmann troupe promise a lot of new styles of riding and some tricks that have not been seen before. Hal Stephens, who always has something new, will appear in a number of novel imitations. Julian Rose, one of our Hebrew friends, and one of the best ones, will be on hand with a lot of parodies and stories. Rosie Rendel, an English character change dancer, will offer something new in the dancing line. The Three Poiriers will be seen in a new and original novelty ring and bar act. The kinetograph will show new pictures, and the entire show promises to be away above the average.

Perhaps no man or woman now before the public so well illustrates the power of the speaking voice as a medium of spiritual expression as does Dr. Hiram Corson, who is now giving a course of readings and lectures at the Conservatory School of Literature and Expression. No one who has sat under the spell of his personality and marvelous voice can forget the literature thus revealed. A distinguished student of Cornell University said recently, "The two influences which made most lasting impression on my student mind were the mountains surrounding Ithaca and Dr. Corson."

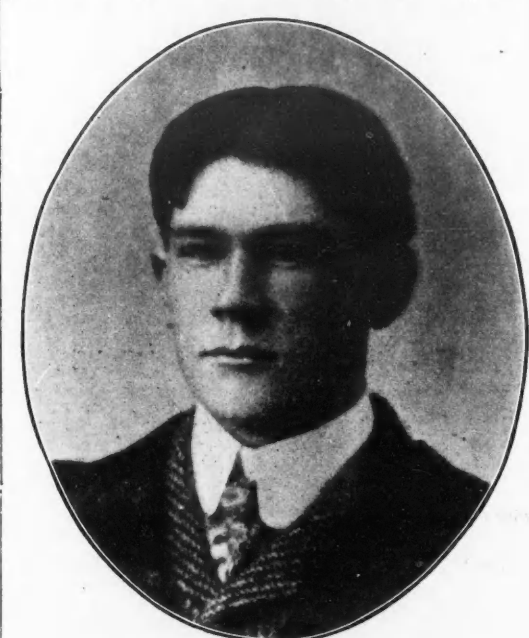
An impression has gone forth that Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's latest play, "That Man and I," which Frank L. Perley is employing to exploit Robert Hilliard as a star, is a dramatization of the famous novel, "In Connection With the De Willoughby Claim." Mrs. Burnett wrote this novel, but in writing Mr. Hilliard's play she merely made use of several of the strong incidents and characters of the book. "That Man and I" is a play in three acts and a prologue, the scenes of which are laid in Massachusetts and North Carolina. Dick Lattimer, the hero, is wrapped up in the happiness of his only sister. Having evidenced that she possesses marked ability as an artist, she is sent to New York to pursue her studies in the art schools there. She falls under the malignant influence of a man who encompasses her ruin, under promise of marriage. She returns home and soon her secret becomes apparent to her brother. In a scene which for pathos defies description she confesses to the wrong. She is taken to a lonely site in the mountain fastness of North Carolina, and there dying leaves a baby girl. Even in the hour of her death she asks her brother not to extort from her the name of the author of her wrong. Eighteen years pass and the baby girl has blossomed into a beautiful young lady. It is not until her wedding day that by an accident her uncle discovers that the man who is her father and who has bismirched the honor of her mother, his sister, is his dearest, nearest and best friend. In a scene which for a portrayal of depth of feeling and uttermost grief has never seen its equal on the stage, the truth is brought home to the man who knew not of the relationship which existed between his friend and her who in her innocent youth loved him as a brother. The vow taken and sworn by eighteen years of retrospection, "that when that man and I shall meet his life shall pay for the little girl that lies in a lonely grave on the mountain side," is forsworn in order that the blighting shadow of unhappiness may not fall on the little girl who knows nothing of the stain upon her birth. The scenic investitures are on lavish lines and represent the most artistic products of the greatest scenic artists in America. H. Reeves-Smith has been especially brought from England to support Mr. Hilliard. Miss Maude Fealy is the leading lady. The rest of the cast is composed of the pick of the profession. The engagement here, which is for three nights and Saturday matinee, unquestionably is the banner attraction of the season at the Princess Theater.

### The Hockey Season.

Calm consideration of the first great hockey match of the season on local ice—the remarkable struggle between the senior teams of the Marlboros and St. George's at the Mutual street rink last Saturday night—leads one to the conclusion that with proper rink facilities in Toronto the sport could be developed to a wonderful degree. Exhibition matches between local teams and much heralded outside septettes filled the rink comfortably, but the first championship match of the senior series of the Ontario Hockey Association drew such an enormous crowd that over one thousand people were turned away at the doors and every inch of available space, from the floor to the rafters, was utilized to accommodate those who could be jammed into the building. Aside from those who sought admission and were denied the privilege, it is reasonable to suppose that there were just as many who stayed at home, firm in the belief that it would be impossible to get in and see the match in comfort. It is a crying shame that a great city like Toronto, with its numerous hockey teams and their thousands of followers, should be compelled to put up, year

after year, with such totally inadequate accommodation, while small towns and cities throughout the province can boast of substantial, commodious structures that make our single available little rink look as much out of place as a box car on a passenger train. An arena patterned on the Montreal edifice is an absolute necessity here if the game is to prosper, and the promoter who gets in the field first is the man who will reap the harvest. There is no question that it would be a money-maker. An artificial ice plant would, of course, be desirable owing to the uncertainty of the weather in this vicinity, but even that could be dispensed with if a building could be erected wherein players and spectators would not be cramped for elbow room. Under the present limitations the sport has secured a strong hold on the public, convincing evidence that with proper accommodation the game would boom in an unprecedented manner.

Spectators of the Marlboro-St. George's game probably did not realize at the time that they saw on the ice before them the greatest individual exponents of the game in Ontario and Quebec in the persons of George Chadwick of the Saints and Tom Phillips of the Little Dukes. For several years Chadwick has been the undisputed star in hockey in this province. No finer stick-handler ever stepped upon a rink, and no more effective dodger and shot has been before the public. "Chad," as the local rooters familiarly term him, was the mainstay of the Wellington forward line in the four consecutive years they won the championship of Ontario. Chadwick is essentially a Toronto hockey product. He skates with the short, jerky stride that a limited ice area compels, but is so quick to get started and so elusive in his dashes that few opponents can hold or stop him. Still with all his artfulness and trickery "Chad" holds the center of the ice, taking the shortest routes from goal to goal. He does not use his body at all as a protection, but relies solely upon his superb stick-handling and complete mastery of the puck to make headway into the opponents' territory. Phillips has a totally different style. He



Tom Phillips of the Marlboros.

is a man of weight and splendid physique, which he utilizes to the last ounce in his rushes on goal. His is a long, gliding stroke accustomed to the large ice, but his speed even in a small rink is simply marvelous. He shoots away like a bullet and, probably because of the long stroke, takes a roundabout way to the goal. He swings round in a sort of semi-circle with his body curved in such a manner as to make it almost impossible for an opponent to reach the puck unless he checks him from behind—and it is seldom anyone is fast enough to reach him once he gets away. He brushes his opponents off with his swerving motion, and when within striking distance, shoots the puck with tremendous velocity. He is most dangerous when boring in from the right side, and it is while working around on that wing that he does his best work. Phillips broke into fast company in Montreal last year with the M. A.A.A. team, the then Stanley Cup holders, and he was considered by the experts to be the finest forward playing under the Quebec rules. His presence on the Marlboros has added 100 per cent. to the strength of that team and has made them a senior championship possibility, when they did not appear to be above the intermediate calibre. He is a decided acquisition to Toronto hockey, and is warmly welcomed by the enthusiasts.

In last week's match the ice was soft and sticky and not at all to Chadwick's liking, it being a great handicap to crafty stick-handling. It also put a premium on weight, and as a result the Quebec champion appeared to the better advantage. However, it would be unfair to both men to make a comparison under such conditions. May the ice be keen this week—then we'll see who's who and what's what.

An innovation this season in O.H.A. games played so far in Toronto is the "dropping in" of the puck at every face-off. Usually the facing-off process is a most tiresome proceeding. The center men are always anxious to get the better of the draw, and it has been their one aim in life apparently to beat the referee's whistle. As soon as the rubber disc is placed on the ice one or other of the centers immediately takes a smash at it, despite the warnings of the referee. The result is that there are a lot of unnecessary gyrations on the part of the players and a number of annoying delays, which are resented by the spectators.

In the exhibition match played in Toronto between the Montreal Wanderers and the Marlboros it was seemingly an impossibility for the presiding official to secure a proper face-

off. The Montreal center man never let the puck alone. No sooner was it placed on the ice than he would poke it out of the reach of his opponent. It was a senseless proceeding, inasmuch as the puck was recalled on every occasion and a new face-off ordered, with another man taking the place of the offending player.

Last Saturday night Referee Hugh A. Rose adopted the plan of "dropping in" the puck. The center men placed their sticks on the ice and the referee dropped the rubber in between them. The plan worked admirably. There were no delays and consequently no hard feelings. Each team had an equal chance to get the puck, and with the rubber once in motion the game was in progress. It was an exemplification in hockey of the no-recall system that has proved so successful in horse racing. The players and the spectators approved of the innovation, and it will likely be adopted generally by referees in the association.

A most regrettable incident has cropped up with the opening of the hockey season, and as a result the manager and individual players of the senior team of the University of Toronto are under the ban of the O.H.A. Their offense was competing against professional teams at the "American" and Canadian Soos. The Athletic Association at "Varsity" subsequently censured the players for minor violations of the rules, but exonerated them from the stigma of professionalism because of a saving clause in their amateur rule, which allows competition between amateurs and professionals if there is not "a prize" at stake. This, however, does not lessen the offence of the college players in the eyes of a discerning public. The "American" Soo team was an admittedly paid team. Every man had his price and got it. The team was recruited from different parts of Ontario. It was a team of professionals. None of the O.H.A. teams would play them, and they were in a quandary for matches. Fabulous sums were offered, and the bait caught "Varsity." With \$400 cash guarantee in their pockets the collegians journeyed afar off to do battle with "the outlaws." Of course they were beaten, and beaten badly—that is a habit they have—but they had the coin and they saw a loophole for escape from suspension in the flaw in the amateur rule. N.B.—No, the \$400 guarantee was not "a prize."

### Society at the Capital.

THE past week has kept up the round of holiday gaieties, and besides the more than usual number of teas, luncheons, etc., given in honor of Ottawa's numerous visitors, several most delightful dances have come off, the first on Tuesday evening, when Mrs. Gemmill of Cliffside entertained the younger people for her son, Cadet James Gemmill of the Royal Military College, when all enjoyed themselves as only young people can. On Wednesday Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Bate gave what has proved to be so far the gayest and most enjoyable ball of the season, in the Racquet Court, where invitations to over six hundred were sent out. This ball was given for the six granddaughters of Mr. and Mrs. Bate—the Misses Morna and Claudia Bate, the Misses Fay and Katie Christie, Miss Irene Bate, and Miss Ethel Aldous of Winnipeg. As these young ladies are some of them "semi-ready," others debutantes of this year, and two who have already had one season's "outing," the invitations included all these ages, and in consequence there were no wall-flowers, and dancing was kept up incessantly. The Racquet Court never looked prettier and the floor was in excellent condition, a fact which is always conducive to the success of a dance. Mr. and Mrs. Bate received the guests in a small room adjoining the ball-room and were most graciously assisted by the three older granddaughters, Miss Ethel Aldous, Miss Fay Christie and Miss Morna Bate.

The younger members of society have been having it all their own way of late, as is only natural during the holiday season, and as so many of them have had school friends staying with them, there has been a constant succession of teas and entertainments of a smaller kind. On Monday Miss Elsie Burn invited a few friends to meet the Misses Grant of Perth at the tea hour, and a very jolly hour was spent. The Misses Grant have been the guests of Miss Rose Fleck for a few days and several pleasant little affairs were given in their honor while here. Miss Morna Bate gave a telephone tea for them on Tuesday, when all the Ottawa contingent of cadets, besides their fellow-students who are spending the holidays in Ottawa, had opportunity of meeting these popular young ladies from Perth. In spite of the intense cold, Tuesday night was the coldest of the many very cold days we have been having lately, all responding to Miss Bate's invitation.

An interesting hockey match (one, however, which has not been written up by the sporting fraternity) came off on Monday morning in the Rideau Rink, when the "Not-outs" played the Cadets, the former team being comprised of the Misses Dorothy White, Rose Fleck, Morna and Claudia Bate, Lottie Fraser, Ada Davidson and Norah Lewis, and the Cadets' team including the following: Messrs. Kenneth McLaren, Allan Gill, P. Dunlop, Coristine, Pembert, Rogers and Mr. Pat Edwards. Both teams had many friends among the spectators who encouraged the respective sides by cheering enthusiastically and giving plenty of advice. The play was exceedingly brilliant, but ended in a victory for the Cadets, the score being 9 to 0. However, a former match on Saturday had resulted in 9 all, so it was on a fair that the visiting team should have been given the game.

Mrs. C. A. E. Harris invited twenty young ladies to a luncheon on Wednesday, which was, as is usual with this popular hostess, most recherche in every respect, the table being particularly artistic in its decorations. Miss Harris of Montreal was the guest of the occasion. A dinner party for the season's "buds" was given on the same day by Mrs. Blair, whose youngest daughter, Marjorie, has just made her debut. Among those present were Miss Mary Fitzpatrick, Miss Annie MacDougal, Miss Beatrice Lindsay, Miss Isobel White, Mr. Sam MacDougal, Mr. Van Leslie, Mr. Guthrie, Mr. Fred White, and Mr. John Crerar.

Mrs. W. J. Anderson was the hostess at a charming little dance on Friday evening, when the guests were invited by telephone to meet her daughter-in-law, McFarland Anderson of Victoria, B.C., who is making a short stay in Ottawa. Another British Columbian visitor in Ottawa is Mrs. McEvoy of Fernie, B.C., who is Mrs. E. H. Bronson's guest and in whose honor Mrs. Bronson gave a ladies' tea on Friday afternoon. The tables were handsomely decorated with carnations and ferns, and Mrs. Bronson was assisted by Mrs. W. J. Bronson, Mrs. T. T. Bronson, Miss Cranell and Miss Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. Hazen Hansard, who spent the holidays in St. John, their old home, have returned to Ottawa, bringing as their guest for a few weeks Miss Hansard, to whom Mrs. Hansard invited a few friends to drop in at the tea hour on Monday.

Several Ottawans have this week left to pay visits to different friends, among them being Miss Mary Irwin, who has gone to Quebec to stay with her aunt Mrs. Hamilton, for a few weeks; Miss Wyld and Miss Ethel McCarthy, who are the guests of Miss Winifred Hagar of Montreal for a short time; Miss Rhoda Wurtele, who is visiting her mother and Mrs. Neilson at their seigneurie, Neilsonville, and Miss Nannie Girouard, who is also in Montreal with her friend Miss Jeffries. Every one regrets to hear that Mr. and Mrs. B. O. Francis are about to leave Ottawa, but what Ottawa's loss will be Toronto's gain, as Mr. and Mrs. Francis expect to make their home in the latter city.

The skating party at Government House on Saturday last was of more than usual interest, during the afternoon His Excellency performed the pleasant duty of presenting Mr. Alan Z. Palmer with the Royal Horse Society medal which was awarded him in recognition of his brave act in saving the lives of Miss Muriel Burrows and Miss Amy Ritchie last summer, when these young ladies were skating in the St. Lawrence at Fernbank, near Brockville. His Excellency also presented Miss Amy Ritchie with a diploma from the same source, as she had exhibited great bravery on the same occasion in first attempting to save Miss Burrows when Mr. Palmer came to the rescue of both.

The skating was very much enjoyed on Saturday, as the weather had moderated considerably after the intense cold of last week. It is a much to be regretted fact, however, that many of the invited guests were so late in the afternoon, necessitating, as it does, the delay of the opening march which always ushers in the afternoon sport.

Lady Minto, Lady Eileen Elliot, Lady Ruby Elliot, Lord Melgund and Captain Bell, A.C., left on Monday for New York and on Wednesday Lady Ruby, Lord Melgund and Captain Bell left, the former to spend a year in Dresden to study music, Lord Melgund returning to school in England. Lady Minto and her eldest daughter will remain for a fortnight in New York, the guests of General Bryce.

Ottawa, Jan. 11th, 1904. THE CHAPERONE.

Because of thirst in desert lands,  
Of hunger's gloom, and soul to harken,  
I shake life's boughs for waiting hands,  
And sing of stars that never darken.



IT'S UP TO HIM.

Manager Keating—Have a care, friend, Hays, or your branch lines will be on the scrap heap with my trailers.



## By the Way.

Truly, the branch lines of the G. T. R. have been getting it in the jugular vein during the last seven days. The pen may be able to put the sword out of business, but can it do anything against a corporation? The evening papers have contained horrible tales of travelers who rashly set forth for Palmerston and Wingham, and who passed through dangers and terrors calculated to make Othello's yarns to Desdemona seem pale and sickly. One of the most harrowing and zeroistic of these narratives was told in the "News" of last Monday, wherein a clergyman, Rev. J. H. Oliver, of Listowel, who had been working nobly for the cause of local option in Toronto Junction, described the perils he passed in the course of a journey from the Union Station, Toronto, to the thriving town of Listowel. The train was forty minutes late leaving the station; there was no heat in the car for the first half hour, except such as was supplied by the language of the passengers; at Guelph the locomotive and the warmth were detached, and after some time the semi-congealed people departed for uncomfortable waiting-rooms, where many were cold but few were frozen. The last fifty miles of this Arctic expedition were undertaken in an antiquated carriage which may have been brought over from Ararat for the special use of the G. T. R. and have been quite suited to the climate when Noah and his offspring went in out of the rain, but which was entirely too breezy for a January journey in our beloved Ontario. The clergyman arrived in Listowel just seven hours later than he expected. A horrible cold was the result, and he talked to a reporter from a bed where he languished in agony that was alleviated by "two kinds of medicine." Of course, local option is a very good thing, so long as it doesn't become a habit; but I wonder—yes, I do—whether the reverend gentleman completely recovered by virtue of the two kinds of medicine, or whether he didn't desire just a wee drop of hot lemonade to take away the taste of the other stuff. Hot lemonade is a fine thing for a branch-of-the-G.T.R. cold, but there should be at least two lumps of sugar in the glass, and—stir well! I sincerely hope that Rev. Mr. Oliver was well enough to conduct the service last Sunday night, and that his prayers and discourse bore upon the sins of those who "frame mischief by law." When the women and children of the province are at the mercy of a corporation that cares not how it freezes and squeezes, it is time for even the pulpits to say a few words. After all, we are the descendants of the race that forced those extremely inconvenient measures, the Magna Charta and the Habeas Corpus Act, from unwilling rulers, and it is time for us to refuse to be bundled out of street cars at the sweet will of one company, or placed in cold storage in the waiting-room of another.

Amidst the excitement that arose while we were waiting for Russia to say "you're another," two events have been comparatively unnoticed by the Canadian press, although Europe has not been unaware of their occurrence. Alfred Austin has written a poem, and the Kaiser has made a speech. Alfred's poem is declared by some people to be all about Russia, while others say it is merely an ode to the New Year. Clubs are being formed to discuss its true inwardness, and "Austin as he is clubbed" will doubtless form a leading article in next week's "Punch." The poem has been already translated into the Boer dialect and has served a great purpose in doing away with the last traces of enmity towards the British, Uncle Paul's People having concluded that the nation possessing an Alfred should be forgiven for rushing into war to drown its sorrow. But the Kaiser has put his august foot in it by boasting that the Hanoverians rescued the British army in the Battle of Waterloo and put "Bony" to flight! Next thing he will be saying that the Kohinor belongs to President Roosevelt, and that the Nelson Monument was paid for by popular subscription in Paris. Some perversions of history might be overlooked, but the Kaiser's royal "Uncle Edward" should call his strenuous nephew's attention to the events of that "loud Sabbath" when Wellington told his Guardsmen to be up and at them. Shades of Charles O'Malley and Mickey Free! Is the name of Waterloo to be struck from the list of British victories and added to the proud roll of Hanover? We shall be forced to bring the famous rhyme of 1688 up to date and exclaim with impassioned patriotism:

When other resources fail, there are certain clergymen who deliver a sermon to frail woman on the subject of her follies. The latest utterances of this nature have come from Rev. Dr. Joseph McMahon and Rev. Morgan Dix of New York. The former gentleman does not approve of woman's dress in society and discourses of its lack of modesty in vigorous terms, declaring "such dress is introducing, one by one, modes which are blowing out the light of decency." For utter nastiness and the power to do evil where none exists, the mind of the ultra-Puritan can easily take first place. The light of decency is not going to be blown out by a dainty gown or a frivolous petticoat, and the clerical gentleman need not become so agitated over themes of to-day. They are quite as proper as those of our grandmothers' time and just as becoming. If there is one subject upon which mere man is more ridiculous than another, it is the sacred topic of woman's attire. If lovely woman wears a trailing skirt she is likened to a scavenger, and the tiny founcies are held up to public scorn by some masculine scribbler who considers himself a censor of lingerie; should she snubbed sister don a short skirt and go forth to wrestle with bargains, the gentleman rolls his eyes heavenward and endeavors to show that there is some horrible immorality about the glimpse of a woman's ankles, while he is craning his neck to get another of the aforesaid glimpses. Should she assume high collar, he writes column after column to prove that woman prostration, delirium tremens and other, strictly feminine ailments all spring from the disease-dealing high collar. With the attitude of the collar is diminished, when the neckhairs discarded altogether and woman appears in an evening gown the virtuous gentleman nearly goes into a fit and takes forthwith paragraphs on imitating the worst courts of France, which darkly of all the horrid things that happened to Rome. This exceedingly tired of having Rome held up as a warning. I don't believe the Romans were half as yellow as they are painted. Then Rev. Morgan Dix breaks forth in his plaintive fashion: "I am sick at heart over the women. I used to regard women with such reverence. In these days women have come down to our level. Women should never vote or be doctors, lawyers, or ministers." Bless the heart of Mr. Dix! It is more than likely that he is suffering from a "post-Noel" (as the church would say) attack of indignation, and is taking it out by being disagreeable to the ladies. Women don't want to vote. But if men keep on saying that they must not vote, the dear creatures, out of sheer indignation, will declare, "Well, we guess we'll vote if we want to, and there will be such an era of political purity as will make the Province of Ontario blink its poor old eyes. Men go to hell how to vote, how to run the political machine and the maximum of noise and the minimum of nastiness, if women would hardly think of setting up an 'Opposition' having a bargain-counter in votes and timber limits and be like that in Queen's Park. The clergy had better turn their attention to real evils and let the women's gowns alone, or more terrible Carrie Nation may arise, preaching a crusade against bishop's lawn sleeves, "top hats," the festive "Tux" and other masculine fripperies that may even now be strutting at the nation's very existence. However, such clergymen are in Toronto. Our ministers are excellently trained in regard and have got no further than the mild and courteous request that the ladies should remove their picture hats for the service. Let woman be admonished and criticized by her sisters, who have so far proved equal to the occasion.

CANADIAN.

C.

The hand that cradles the rules the world—"Life." Men criticize women very easily about gossiping, but a crowd of fellows in the cafe smart club will make the conversation at a woman's luncheon sound like table talk in a mute asylum—"Reflections of the Morning After." Your bread cast on the water may come back, but it's ten to one it comes back mouldy on the voyage—"The Turquoise Cup." The real men of this age, as Mothers do, not compromise; they fight out right and wrong to a decision—"The Desert." If men were compelled to eat words there would be an epidemic of indigestion—"Bray Weekly." Young or old, we are all on our cruise. If there be a bill of tobacco among the crew, let's sake pass it round,



At the Argonauts' Ball.

and let us have a pipe before we go!—"Crabbed Age and Youth."

The anticipation of Saturday and the recollection of Monday reduce a worker's week to four days—"Reflections of the Morning After."

Pity him but the more, if pity be your cue; for where a man is all pride, vanity, and personal aspiration, he goes through fire unshielded—"Memories and Portraits."

Our affections and beliefs are wiser than we; the best that is in us is better than we can understand—"A Dedication."

"Hit a man and help a woman an' ye can't go far wrong anyway."—"The Maxims of Mulvaney."

Everyone knows that it is not over the virtues of a curate-and-tea-party novel that people are abashed into high resolutions—"The English Admirals."

Every heart that has beat strong and cheerfully has left a hopeful impulse behind it—"Aes Triplex."

A sneeze, being involuntary, cannot be artificial, and therefore it is the true index of race and character—"The Desert."

No matter how poor and mean a man is, his friendship is worth more than his hate—"Reflections of the Morning After."

Let us be honest over it; there is only one difference between a long life and a good dinner—in the dinner the sweets come last—"Will o' the Mill."

Every man has a grand chance—"The Education of Otis Yeere."

And the young king said, "I have found it, the road to the rest ye seek; the strong shall wait for the weary, the hale shall halt for the weak."—"An Imperial Rescript."

## Some Undelivered Letters.

Offices of the Toronto Railway Company,  
Jan. 9th, 1903.

U. R. Ban, Esq., City:

Dear Sir,—I have received your complaint, together with many others of a similar nature; but I regret to say that I do not see how the unpleasantness of traveling in our cars to which you refer can well be avoided. Our company has done everything in its power to induce more people to make use of the cars, but they still run through the streets unpatronized and lonely. The closeness and heat of which you write is possibly the cause of this unfortunate condition. Our conductors have been instructed to discontinue their practice of closing the doors and ventilation shafts, and steps are to be at once taken to remove the stoves, concerning the heat of which so many people have complained. We have just decided, also, to install electric fans at the earliest possible moment. This innovation, when added to our reading tables, which we are putting in every day, should soon make our cars sufficiently attractive and comfortable to merit the patronage and approval of the citizens—which is our highest aim.

Believe me, dear sir, your obedient, humble servant,

K. Heating.

Offices of the Grand Trunk Railway Company,  
Montreal, Jan. 10th, 1903.

J. O. Urney, Esq., Listowel, Ont.:

Dear Sir,—You should have been at the station half an hour earlier, if you desired to catch our Listowel flier. The fact that the train went through twenty minutes before it was due does not surprise me. The time-table is a month old, and since its issue business on our branch lines has grown to such an extent that it has been found necessary to run our trains at an increased speed, as well as more frequently. I have had many complaints from persons who have been left at stations, but I can only advise them to be more prompt in future. This is a busy age. Business must be attended to. Trains can wait for no man. "Promptness and Despatch" is our motto.

Yours in haste, G. T. Straws.

Vic. Tim, Esq., City:

Dear Sir,—Enclosed you will please find six dollars and forty-five cents, that being the sum due you as a rebate on our last bill which you recently settled. As the Master Plumbers' Association has decided that the tariff shall be reduced from sixty to forty cents an hour, we feel it is only right that you should have the benefit of the reduction, though the account was opened some months before the new rule was introduced.

Yours respectfully, Zines &amp; Leads.

Toronto, Jan. 12th, 1903.

B. Worme, Esq., City:

Dear Sir,—I regret my inability to comply with your request to call and explain to you the attractive features of Harp & Scrib's new "Colossal Dictionary and Cyclopaedia and Atlas and Pharmacopoeia." We book agents do not follow the vulgar practice of calling upon people and soliciting subscriptions. This we leave to market gardeners and vendors of peanuts. If you

desire to make an appointment to meet me at my office, I shall be pleased to let you know the day and hour at which I may be seen. I may say, however, that my entire time during the remainder of this month is allotted.

Yours, etc., J. Mass (Agent).

Offices of the "Continental Magazine,"  
Toronto, Jan. 13th, 1903.

Lyne Spicer, Esq., Grub street, Toronto:

Dear Sir,—I wish to thank you for your brilliant article on the crisis in the Far East, for which I enclose some slight monetary remuneration—our firm's cheque for one hundred dollars. Believe me when I say I am well aware that no money payment can release me from my obligation to you. If, however, I might venture to make some slight criticism, I sincerely hope you will not take offence. While the essay is faultless as far as it goes, yet, I think, had it been from one to two thousand words longer it would have met with greater appreciation from the public. What the people want is length. Brilliant diction and sparkling wit may escape notice—length, never. It is length that impresses. It is length that gives an article importance. Observe the high-class daily papers. They appreciate this point. Even with the limited space at their disposal on their editorial pages, see how they keep down the number of their articles in order that the few they do print may have length. The chief rule in good journalism is to be sparing with your ideas and prodigal with your words. Please make your next article five thousand words in length instead of two.

Hoping that you will take in good part the suggestions that I humbly offer, I remain, sir,

Yours, with profound respect,  
John Leader (Editor).  
JAQUES.

## Little White Shoon.

Little White Shoon, you are dainty and slim  
As you flit o'er the ballroom floor;  
Worthy are you for an artist to limn,  
A poet to hymn—and adore.

I gaze in amazement at your foot's so slight,  
As a weight by enchantment bewitched—  
But what do you care as you trip it to-night?  
You snare that the Pixies have stitched!

Little White Shoon, you have gallants a score,  
Around you they sigh and aspire,  
And into your ear rapid compliments pour  
Unmeet for the grace they admire;

But melody springs from my lyre, for its strings  
Are a quiver because you are near,  
And when you have vanished, like all lovely things,  
The world of your beauty shall hear.

Little White Shoon—afar from the rout,  
What fancies are blent with my dreams!  
As you pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat gleaming about,  
I catch the sweet ripple of streams;

The scent of the wild rose a-way in the wind,  
The song of the shy forest bird,  
The glamor of moonlight with shadows entwined,  
In my dreaming are felt and are heard.

Little White Shoon, the night's ebbing fast,  
The East's growing pink with the morn;  
The fairer the vision the quicker 'tis past—  
Alas, must you leave me forlorn!

The 'cellos are breathing a final refrain:  
May your beauty ne'er wither or blight,  
And soft be the touches of sorrow and pain;  
Little White Shoon, good night!

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

## Fate of the Three Men.

There were once three men who gave a great deal of thought to the problem of what to do the first of the year.

The first man announced that he had sworn off all his bad habits. And everybody said he always was a wild character, and it would be well to keep closer watch than ever on him, as now there was no telling when he would cut loose worse than ever.

The second man, seeking to profit by the experience of the first, declared that he had not sworn off because he had no bad habits to discard. The result was that everybody pronounced him a hardened wretch, who was insensible and indifferent to the duties of life.

The third man studied their cases, and concluded that the best thing he could do would be to say nothing whatever. Whereupon everybody asserted that he was too calloused to reform and was not worthy of any respect at all.

This simply goes to show that, no matter how you guess, you will guess wrong—"Judge."

## The Troubles of a Hotel Man.

There is no class of men in the community who are so imposed upon and have so much abuse heaped upon them, and get so fat on it, as the hotel men. The law looks upon the hotel man as a cross between a licensed pirate and a free insurance company. The public looks upon the hotel man as one whom it is no crime to rob, no dishonor to deceive, and a crown of glory to get the best of in any way possible. We supply three-quarters of the community, free of charge, with soap, towels, stationery, toothpicks, and intellect; and yet every man who swells our coffers by spending ten or fifteen cents at our bar (and, incidentally, absorbs thirty-five cents' worth of free lunch), thinks we are grasping monopolists, and devotes the remainder of his days in trying to get hunk with us. We are supposed to be so affluent that we are expected to head every subscription list, to contribute liberally to every charity, and to cash every man's cheque, regardless of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

Hotel men get caught on bad cheques more often than in any other way. It's the worst feature of the business. Men are traveling and don't want to carry large sums of cash. They have their funds in cheques. They want the hotels to be their bankers. Of course we like to be obliging, but it is hard to discriminate between the honest and the dishonest, and about once in so often we are left with a worthless cheque.

And speaking of cheques, last summer, in those happy days before the Fair, the Duke of Veragua one day escaped from the Waldorf, and, being in our neighborhood, he found himself short of cash—a very common complaint last summer—a sort of summer complaint; and he came into our hotel and asked to have a cheque cashed. It so fell out that the clerk happened to have one of those lucid intervals, which clerks do occasionally have, when they make inquiries before cashing cheques. Usually they cash the cheque and make the inquiries afterward. So he said to the Duke:

"I haven't the honor of your acquaintance," and the Duke replied, with a certain air of being stuck on himself which seems to be characteristic of royalty:

"I am the sole descendant of the immortal Christopher Columbus."

"Well," said the clerk, "you go and get the immortal Chris. To endorse your cheque and we'll cash it for you."

You've probably heard about the continual speculation in hotels. No one realizes the extent of it except the hotel men. The year's loss in that way is simply incredible. Nobody seems to have any conscience about robbing a hotel. We can't keep sugar-tongs or oyster-forks, or after-dinner coffee spoons. All the silver goes fast. Towels vanish like magic. We simply can't buy towels fast enough to keep up the supply. Traveling men are particularly appreciative of towel collectors. They stock up here in New York against coming towel stringency in country towns. Sometimes I think the women are worse at that than the men. Yet it was a man that played the limit here; he got away with a pair of blankets—cut holes in the middle of them, stuck his head through the holes, put on his long overcoat and buttoned it up, and started out of the hotel. The corners of the blankets hung down below his overcoat and caught the clerk's eye. We saved the blankets.

It was a man, too, who tried to steal our marble parlor clock. The clock weighs more than one hundred pounds. The man walked right into the parlor and deliberately took this superb timepiece from the mantel. There were guests in the room, but they supposed he was a clock-maker on business bent. He lugged it up to his room. A chambermaid, opening his door suddenly, saw him groveling wildly on his stomach on the floor and pushing something under the bed, but she didn't think anything of it. Hotel people aren't easily surprised. After awhile the clock was missed and the gossip about it ran through the hotel. The chambermaid remembered the human turtle. She trotted up to his room, dived under the bed, and hauled out the clock.

College boys have a taste for hotel souvenirs. When the Yale-Princeton football game used to be played here, the hotel proprietors had to hire men to sit on all their movable property. The boys went through the hotels like locusts through a farm. We didn't even have a "This way to the elevator" sign left in the house when the invading horde swept on.

A good many of the country guests collect hotel souvenirs. Uncle Joshua comes from a town, where he can live on seventy-five cents a week, and when a hotel man asks him to pay \$2.50 a day he thinks he's being held up and robbed. He figures that everything he can carry off won't begin to make him rich.

But the country guests aren't any lighter-fingered than the city guests. The proprietor of one of our finest hotels in New York told me of a lady who came to visit his wife at their country home last summer. The maid went up to unpack the visitor's trunks, and told her mistress that the trunks were full of towels and silver and napkins and pillow-shams and all that sort of thing, marked with the names of the different hotels where the visitor had been staying. The joke of it was, that the gems of the collection had been gathered from the hotel of the man at whose house the woman was visiting. I've an idea, founded on bitter experience, that thousands of happy homes in this great country must be furnished chiefly at the expense of New York hotel-keepers.

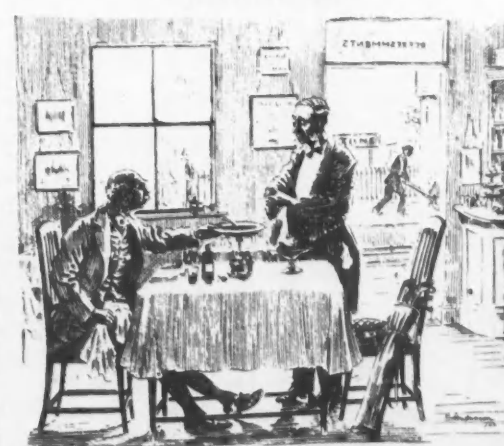
Every hotel has its crank boarders. Sometimes their crankiness takes the form of what is politely called kleptomania. Everybody in the hotel knows the boarder lifts things, but if he pays his bills and is unobjectionable in every other way no scandal is stirred up. There are ways of keeping even without hard feelings.

At one of the good old New York hotels there's an old lady who, for thirty years, has stolen a plate at each meal. She picks out whatever suits her fancy. Everybody knows she does it. In fact, she doesn't try to hide the little propensity. She has her hotel room full of the plates, all over the wall and the shelves. She's not quite right in her mind, but she's unexceptional in regard to everything except plates, so they wink at that little peculiarity. The proprietor says she never tries to take any of the plates out of the hotel, and that she will never go away until she dies. Then he'll get his property back. Meanwhile, she's a paying patron, and there's no use hurting her feelings over three plates a day.

I don't encourage old ladies myself. I like them, but not in my capacity of hotel proprietor. When they come to stay, I don't try hard to cater to them. They go away. There's one hotel in town where most of them land. They don't admit any guests at that hotel unless they have grey side curls. A nice old lady is nice, but the average old lady is a troublesome boarder, and we have enough troubles without courting any.

There are drawbacks to running a hotel next door to a railroad station. Half the people who come for meals are trying to catch trains. A man has twelve minutes to spare, and he comes in and orders an extra thick porterhouse. In two minutes he begins to squirm. In three minutes he calls the head waiter and says he ordered a steak and has been waiting three-quarters of an hour. In eight minutes he goes off swearing and blackguards the hotel ever after. We've fixed the thing now. I bought a time stamp. The clerk stamps each order with the exact time it is given. When a man at the end of three minutes swears he's been waiting three-quarters of an hour, we take the stamped check to him and tell him he's a damned liar. Perhaps we don't do exactly that, but you see the idea. This hotel business is very trying—From "A Few Remarks" by Simeon Ford.

## A Difficult Conundrum.



"Hi, waiter, what do you call this?"

"Bean soup, sir."

"Yes, it's been soup, but what the dooce is it now?"

"Punch."



## Anecdotal.

Walter Scott liked to tell the story of his meeting an Irish beggar in the street, who implored him for a shilling. Not having one, Scott gave him a shilling, adding, with a laugh, "Now remember, you owe me sixpence." "Och, young enough," said the beggar, "and God grant you may live till I pay you!"

To the late Herbert Spencer the minds of lunatics had in odd fascination. Mr. Spencer was a frequent visitor to a number of asylums, and he recounts some unconscious witicism of a lunatic. Sometimes he would tell of the criticism a lunatic made on a sermon that was preached in her asylum. This criticism was brief, but it was telling. "To think," said the woman, pointing toward the clergyman, "to think of him out and me in."

The late Sir Frederick Bramwell was famous both as a witness and arbitrator in engineering disputes. It is recalled that his brother, the late Lord Justice Bramwell, on giving advice to a young barrister, told him to be careful of four kinds of witnesses: First, of the liar; second, of the liar who could only be adequately described by the aid of a powerful adjective; third, of the expert witness; and, finally, of "my brother Fred."

Senator Lodge is a great whist player. Not long ago a friend who entertains certain extremely revolutionary ideas with reference to the game published a brochure embodying his views thereon, a copy of which work he forwarded to the senator. The author was a little taken back when, shortly afterward, meeting Mr. Lodge, he asked the senator what he thought of the work, and the statesman replied: "Blank. I have read the book carefully. It seems to be a very good game, but not so good a one as whist!"

The fondness that some people have for contact with notables is not always shared by the notables themselves. It is told by the late Baron Huxford that he once tried to obtain a seat next to a duke at the table d'hôte in a hotel where both were guests. That this proximity to the great man might be brought about, the baron gave the waiter a sovereign. The servant proved a traitor, and an explanation being demanded, he confessed that the duke had given him two sovereigns not to give the baron the coveted seat.

The Rev. George C. Lorimer, when he was pastor of Tremont Temple, in Boston, entered, one evening, a Boston hall where a lecture was in progress. Mr. Lorimer stood in the vestibule a little while, listening to the lecture, and the janitor, a colored man, approached him respectfully. "A fair lecture, sah," said the janitor. "Oh, more than fair, dot!" you think," answered Mr. Lorimer. "I would call this lecturer a brilliant man." "Specially a brilliant man, sah," said the janitor. "Ah, tink he's a fair man, sah, but not o' de prima facie class. He's a good man, sah, a well-meanin' man, but not a talented man. He's a New York man, sah."

It is related that a Democratic member once ventured to challenge one of "Uncle Joe" Cannon's statements. "Mr. Blank is mistaken," sharply replied Mr. Cannon. This form of denial was contrary to the rules, because it mentioned a member by name instead of as "the gentleman from Indiana." The offended Democrat called the Speaker's attention to the breach of rules. The Speaker explained, and instructed the new member to proceed in order. With a sweeping and courteous bow, which has since become famous, Mr. Cannon said: "If the venerable and august gentleman who is such a stickler for the rules will hear with me, I beg to inform him that he lies under a mistake."

The Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst was discussing recently certain phases of corruption. "I declare," he said, "when I see some of the deceit that exists about me, I can almost sympathize with the jury in the Jerome E. case. You have heard of the Jerome E. case? Not I. Well, Jerome E. is a Western man, was noted for his mendacity. It was impossible to believe him, impossible to trust him. He got, finally, in the toils of the law, and at his trial he pleaded guilty. He did well to plead guilty, for the case against him was strong and irrefutable. Nevertheless the jury in its verdict declared him innocent. The judge was thunderstruck at this. 'Innocent!' he said. 'Innocent!' But the man himself pleads guilty! 'We know it, your honor,' said the foreman of the jury, 'but he's such a liar that we can't believe him.'"

Charles Frohman, the theatrical manager, tells of an amusing and ludicrous mistake made by a young actor in a play once produced by Mr. Frohman. The young actor had, up to this time, employed his talents in enacting such roles as called for no speech on his part. But in this play he was entrusted with the following line, the only words to be spoken by him during the entire play: "The King is dead! Long live the King!" The critical time arriving, it was observed by other players that the young man who was to acclaim the new monarch in the words just quoted was suffering from a dreadful attack of stage fright. His cue came, but no words could be spoken, so frightened was he. Finally, however, he pulled himself together and, in desperation, shouted at

the top of his voice: "Long live the King; he's dead!"

President Vreeland of the Interurban Railway Company was talking the other afternoon about the railways of Europe. "They are not so good as ours," he said, "and this is because the Europeans are not so ready to visit us and profit by our ideas as the Americans who visit Europe are ready to profit by theirs. A Chicagoan was in here talking to me yesterday, and he said that when he was abroad last summer he found the railways of Scotland atrocious. He said that on one of those railroads one day the train stopped in a desolate country, and the guards got out, sat down on a rock, and began to eat their luncheon. The Chicagoan put his head out of the window and shouted: 'What is the matter? Why have we stopped in this forsaken spot?' A guard replied, frowning: 'Ye maun e'en hide a wee. The water for the engine has gone aff the boil.'"

## For Singers and Speakers.

The New Remedy for Catarrh is Very Valuable.

A Grand Rapids gentleman who represents a prominent manufacturing concern and travels through central and southern Michigan, relates the following regarding the new catarrh cure. He says:

"After suffering from catarrh of the head, throat and stomach for several years, I heard of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets quite accidentally, and, like everybody else, I immediately bought a package and was decidedly surprised at the immediate relief it afforded me, and still more to find a complete cure after several weeks' use."

"I have a little son who sings in a boys' choir in one of our prominent churches, and he is greatly troubled with hoarseness and throat weakness, and on my return home from a trip I gave him a few of the tablets one Sunday morning when he had complained of hoarseness. He was delighted with their effect, removing all huskiness in a few minutes and making his voice clear and strong."

"As the tablets are very pleasant to the taste, I had no difficulty in getting him to use them regularly."

"Our family physician told us they were an antiseptic preparation of undoubted merit and that he himself had no hesitation in using and recommending Stuart's Catarrh Tablets for any form of catarrh."

"I have since met many public speakers and professional singers who used them constantly. A prominent Detroit lawyer told me that Stuart's Catarrh Tablets kept his throat in fine shape during the most trying season, and that he had long since discarded the use of cheap lozenges and troches on the advice of his physician that they contained so much toxic, and opium as to render their use a danger to health."

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are large, pleasant tasting lozenges composed of catarrhal antiseptics, like Red Gum, Blood Root, etc., and sold by druggists everywhere at 50 cents for full treatment."

They act upon the blood and mucous membrane, and their composition and remarkable success has won the approval of physicians, as well as thousands of sufferers from nasal catarrh, throat troubles and catarrh of stomach."

A little book on treatment of catarrh mailed free by addressing F. A. Stuart Company, Marshall, Mich.

Only 5 Cents a Copy

The "Four-Track News" for January (New Year's number). On sale at all newsstands.

## Our Beautiful Language.

A boy who swims may say he's swum, but milk is skimmed and seldom skum, and nails you trim, they are not trum.

When words you speak, these words are spoken, but a nose is tweaked and not be twoken, and what you seek is never woken.

If we forget, then we're forgotten, but things we wet are never wotten, and houses let rot but not rotten.

The goods one sells are always sold, but fears dispelled are not dispold, nor what you smell is never smold.

When young, a top you oft saw spun, but did you see a grin e'er grin or a potato neatly skun?—Titi-Bits.

Bright, Entertaining and Instructive.

New Year's number of the "Four-Track News" for January. Only 5 cents, at nearest newsdealers.

## His Failing.

"Your husband," said Mrs. Oldenstee, "seems to be so altruistic."

"Yes, I know it. But Josiah always was a great hand to overeat, and I think that must be what gives it to him."

## Inference.

Billy—I shall never marry till I meet a woman who is my direct opposite.

Madge—Well, there are plenty of bright and intelligent girls in your neighborhood.

In washing woollens and flannels, Lever's Dry Soap (a powder) will be found very satisfactory.

## LADY GAY'S COLUMN

"THE trouble is," said one woman, as we talked of the lack of gallantry in society, "that men and women, boys and girls rather, see too much of each other nowadays."

I know my girls are as much bored in the society of men as we used to be in my young days with each other. The trouble begins at school. Don't you remember what thrills used to go along the whole line of schoolgirls out 'on parade' when we met a couple of boys, and what a perfectly 'devilish' thing it used to be when a note was successfully passed to one of us? Nowadays the common two-cent stamp does the whole business; girls are deadly tired of boys, and it takes a very warm letter from a very grown-up man to make a flutter in an up-to-date boarding-school damsel's bosom."

"But do you really think the girls have correspondents of that sort?" enquired a little woman with wide, unbelieving eyes. "Rather!" said a jolly-looking dame with two or three gray hairs. "The other day I went in some-what late for my lunch, and had a table near two very pretty girls, who were eating chocolate rusks. After they had finished their 'delicacies' the taller girl pulled three or four letters from the folds of her blouse and the other bending forward with sparkling eyes and great interest, she proceeded to read the letters to her in perfectly audible tones. Occasionally she lowered her voice and sent a long, eloquent glance into the dancing eyes of her smaller friend, and the two laughed, and it was not the sort of laughter which one would like to hear from one's young sister or daughter. After the girl had read three or four letters she became aware that I was a second auditor. I wanted her to know, and looked at her with significance. Did she blush? Not in the least. She calmly folded up the lurid note she had just finished reading, stared at me with contempt and replaced the lot in her blouse. 'Come along,' she said to her friend; 'let's call at the General Post-Office,' and as the other begged to hear the last letter, the recipient of these compromising documents laughed patronizingly and said, 'I don't think I'll let you hear that one. It's too silly for anything. The man's quite mad. I'll show him to you in church to-morrow if you like.'"

"But," said the little woman with the wide-open eyes, bravely, "those were not nice girls—not our class of people, surely?" "They were very refined, looking, handsome, well-dressed girls," said the jolly-looking dame, "and I am going to find out something more about the matter when I have time. All I can tell you positively is that one of them was carrying on a correspondence with four grown men, whose letters were not conspicuous for lack of warmth, and that the recipient was what Solomon said he was—a jewel of gold."

"Then the door-bell rang, another caller came in, and the conversation turned into other channels."

Here and there may be a youth, so chivalrous and with such exalted ideas of the whole of womankind that they never weary him, but are always objects of reverence, interest and solicitude, but taking the ordinary youth and maiden, you will find that unrestricted companionship has resulted in what I am fain to call a modified evil, a loss and a want which obliterate one of the sweetest and most elevated traits in the make-up of a man. Girls are no longer the desirable to be striven for, but the inevitable to be dodged; instead of asking with solicitude for a dance, the man remarks, "What'll you give me?" with a carefully guarded indifference to results, and instead of waiting at or before the first strain of the orchestra he comes leading along, simulating at the last moment an eagerness to claim his partner, when the dance is one-third over, or, without even an excuse for his tardiness, while she, sincerely or resentfully, looks as calmly unresponsive and bored as she can. This is not intentional rudeness; it is really lack of mutual interest, brought about by a weariness of constant meeting on the links, at the recreation clubs, about the streets, as the up-to-date unrestricted mode of life renders not only possible but inevitable. It may be that 'tis healthier and more desirable—I'm not saying the contrary—but 'tis the reason for the decline of the deference and pretty worship which obtained when co-education would have been voted outrageous.

From time to time thrillingly descriptive articles have been appearing in "McClure's," "Ainslee's" and "Harper's Magazine" from the pen of Norman Danforth, dealing with the life and minds of the fisher-folk of the North Shore of Newfoundland. As the lesser may comprehend the greater I have been taking in the wild, sad, strenuous tales, for here and there on the comparatively pleasant south coast hints of what might be, away up there, have presented themselves to me. Vagrant little tales of privation, sickness and catastrophe, tragedies of fisher life which land-lubbers only faintly copy, have been whispered to me by old men and women who have lived them down and forgiven them. The dory mates and splendid captains, the home-dwellers, scantily clad and worn of face and flat-bosomed, the meek, patient workers on the flakes whose backs ache with the bending, and whose fingers tingle with the nipping or fog-weighted air, have each told me tales, sad, wonderful and fascinating, of the sea and the rocks and their hunger for the lives of the silent, strong folk whose homes fringe the shores of Newfoundland. Among such, and truly entering into their lives, has Norman Danforth found material for a veritable treasure of Newfoundland folklore, which has been gathered into a book of ten tales lately under the title "The Way of the Sea." It is very strong and very sad, too sad to be quite true, I am thinking, for there is much joy and primitive merry-making and youth and love and prankishness among the shore people which he has passed by. Month by month I get precious little letters from my folk of the gentler life of the South Shore, but I fear that South Shore will not content me this coming summer, if so be I am permitted to make the island once again. The way of the sea is not quite the

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Don't trust to luck on a last made by ordinary measurements, but use a last constructed on an "X-ray" photograph.

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We will be glad to fit you in our shoe department any day you can make it convenient to come.

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same up north there, with all the pitiless Labrador winds to put it up to greater devils and more magnificent cruelty. As a specimen of its people's isolation and ignorance of the commonest of our inland necessities, "Be apples green or red?" is a small North Shore boy's eager question. Fancy a small boy having to seek for information as to the color of an apple! To you who love "pastures fresh" in your literary browsing I would present Norman Duncan's "Way of the Sea" as a book to be read and honored for the sake of the simple, splendid fisher-folk it so faithfully tells about.

Did you ever ponder upon the significance of a gift? Most of us take what we get and say "thanks" with more or less effusion, but go no deeper. It takes one or two robust jars to shake us into a waker consideration of the significance of the gifts we receive. There is the tiny gift from the poor in pocket and rich in loving thought. How it appeals to the healthy mind, and how the heart glows over it! And there is a gift even more appealing, sometimes disconcerting almost, the gift of value from the impetuous one who thus voices his or her exalted opinion of our deserts. A handsome present from a poor friend is at once touching and humbling to you or me. There are "heartless" gifts, carelessly given and carelessly accepted, and tawdry gifts that are more or less annoying and belittling. It is quite allowable to conclude when one receives a cheap and shoddy gift from a wealthy person that one's value to them is suggested by the sort of present they bestow. It isn't a pretty thought, but it comes and stays, unless ameliorated by your knowledge of some invariable niceness in their part. There remain the practical, sensible, thoughtful gifts of the wise and kind ones, which add comfort and pleasure to all our days. And you will recognize that there may be plenty of room for meditation over some of the gifts we receive, as well as incentive to deep ante-consideration over those we make, for in both are frank confessions.

LADY GAY.

## CORRESPONDENCE COUPON

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Hooligan—"Mr. Mrs. or Miss Editor" certainly ought to take in the writer of this column. I admire your comprehension of address, and will let you take your choice of the above. Your writing, though not remarkable for culture or refinement, is strong, energetic, hopeful, full of courage and grit and a certain honest honesty of method. It certainly isn't poor writing, as you seem to think. You are practical, emphatic, and generally cautious whom you trust, though sometimes you are apt to speak unwisely. I see no traces of marked femininity, nor any reason why, if nature hasn't objected, you should not be both a faithful wife and loving mother. You are a good deal of enterprise and clear logical aim shown in your lines. Toronto is doing very nicely, thank you. Never let a tricky don't fancy Vancouver will suit me for a "steady."

Dufferin—No, you did not enclose the coupon with your first letter, and your envelope is endorsed by me "no coupon." That indispensable came along in the second all right. You have a good deal of quiet tenacity, not a particularly bright or hopeful temperament, a good deal of imagination, not much care for detail, a love of power and desire to rule. Your birthday brings you under Scorpio, a water sign, and one which should give you a naturally indomitable will and self-control, with remarkable skill in the use of your hands. The genius of eloquence is also a Scorpio gift and the power of persuasive speech. You should be fonder of your own business than of other people's, and fond of making a creditable appearance. Good self-esteem is a Scorpio trait, and these people are generally open to flattery. A Scorpio who is not well spiritualized may descend to very low levels, and jealousy, intolerance and prostration are real Scorpio sins. Do not make use of friends and then fling them aside, even if you use all the true Scorpio tact in doing so. Never let a tricky course appeal to you successfully. You do not restrain and concentrate your energies as you may. There are some very clever lines in your study, and you should be a careful thinker.

Hop—I don't at all mind your writing twice and hope you saw your delineation. Such a good one it must have been. Your lines are full of character and the dominant seeing ones tell of ambition and will to get up and onward. June 15th or thereabouts ought certainly to be a "nice month to have your birthday in." The minds of the twins (Gemini), Castor and Pollux, don't seem inharmonious in your study. When they run in accord they make a strong and dominant mentality, such as you seem to possess. Don't worry about improving your writing. It is so good as it is. And certainly, if you have anything to say, write again. Tell me

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Full information may be obtained of Ticket Agents, or R. P. FRASER, Passenger Agent Buffalo District, 307 Main Street, Elliott Square, Buffalo, N.Y. W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Manager. GEO. W. ROTH, Gen. Pass. Agent.

what you are doing and give your opinion about matters pertaining to girl life. You are a thoroughgoing sort of damsel.

A. Blockhead—Your writing is interesting, which is the prime attraction to a graphologist. It is full of quick, nervous energy and very tenacious. Intuition rather than logic, quick to feel and likely to be responsive. Writer would feel inharmonious companions and environment very keenly. Is a doer and probably a vivacious talker and a clever diver in an erratic way. The purpose fairly constant. There is no dead level in this study, which shows intense thought on certain lines and the possibility of concentration. The lack of caution and reserve is a weakness with such traits.

An English Girl—There is a good deal of thoroughness in this hand. Writer would probably go pretty far in feeling and devotion to principles. The mind is bright, receptive, energetic, and capable, the impulse varied and sometimes erratic, but, on the whole, under good control. Writer is discreet, with some reserve and a reasonably ambitious turn—would work and strive to attain and probably succeed admirably. Is very long-headed, reasonable and logical on the whole, an admirable specimen of March 10th—a Pisces subject rising above Pisces weaknesses.

Through Buffet Sleeping Car Buffalo Philadelphia and Washington.

Toronto to Buffalo and New York

Lv. Toronto—7:50 a.m. 8:45 a.m. 10:20 p.m.

Ar. Buffalo—10:55 a.m. 11:45 p.m. 12:20 p.m.

Ar. N. York—12:00 p.m. 1:00 p.m. 1:30 a.m.

The 12:00 p.m. train has through-first-class sleeper, Toronto to New York, and Dining Car, Toronto to Buffalo daily.

a-Daily, except Sunday. b-Daily.

For tickets and particulars, apply at Union Depot (north ticket) or City Ticket Office, 1 King street east, Toronto.

A. H. NOTMAN, AG.P.A., Toronto.

CLARK'S ROAST BEEF

Ready to serve. Just open the tin.

A tasty, wholesome appetizing dish for any meal.

Your grocer sells Clark's Roast Beef if he studies your interests.

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## CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

WORLD'S FAIR, ST. LOUIS, APRIL 30 TO DECEMBER 1, 1904.

FAST SERVICE

Between Toronto and Buffalo

Leaving Toronto by the

CANADIAN PACIFIC 5:30 P.M. Tr.

Connecting with the Pennsylvania Ry.

Lv. Toronto—5:30 p.m.

Ar. Baltimore—7:15 a.m.

Ar. Philadelphia—8:50 a.m.

Ar. Washington—10:30 a.m.

Daily.

Through Buffet Sleeping Car Buffalo Philadelphia and Washington.

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"The Pike," (Midway Plaisance) one mile long, concessions cost \$5.00. Novel features.

ONE WAY AND ROUND TRIP TOURIST TICKETS ARE ON SALE DAILY.

Choice of routes and other privileges at principal points.

Grand Trunk Trains make direct connection at Chicago with all railways for the Famous Winter Resorts.

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## MASSAGE

The Art of Massage (General and Facial) Electro Massage, Swedish Movements, and the Naubelm method of treatment for diseases of the heart taught and administered by patients treated at our office or at their residences desired. References the leading physicians of Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Forbes

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THE DOMINION BREWERY CO. LIMITED

BREWERS and MALTERS

Manufacturers of the Celebrated...



### The Solution of the Liquor Problem.

The subject of Rev. J. T. Sunderland's sermon on Sunday evening, January 3, at the Jarvis Street Unitarian Church was "The Solution of the Liquor Problem." In beginning, the speaker deprecated all partisanship, all exaggerated statements, and all unkind feelings toward any, and asked for a candid study of a subject which deeply concerns society, the state, the home, the church, and, directly or indirectly, every individual.

He gave many instructive facts, statistical and other, bearing on the relation of the use of intoxicating drinks to industrial prosperity, to business success, to the condition of workingmen, to the accumulation of wealth by individuals and communities, to the efficiency of armies and the ability of men to endure heat, cold and fatigue, and to recover from wounds; to health and disease, to intellectual alertness, endurance and power, to insanity and crime, and to the moral progress and decadence of nations.

He spoke briefly of the causes of intemperance, finding them to be partly physical, partly intellectual, partly social and partly moral. Drunkenness he regarded as primarily a disease, although the drunkard could not be adjudged free from moral responsibility for bringing the disease upon himself. Cure was difficult, but by no means impossible. The drunkard should not be given up. He should be made to feel the sting of legal retribution visited upon his crime; but he should not be sent to a jail or a prison; he should be sent to a hospital, where, under strict discipline, he can be properly treated for his disease. However, it is not upon efforts to cure, but upon efforts to prevent, that the temperance reformer should expend his main strength. Prevention is the key to the solution of the liquor problem. In the direction of prevention the preacher urged several things:

1. We should do all possible to give to the people good homes; for the fact should not be overlooked that poverty, barren and cheerless homes, and poor, badly cooked food, often drive men to the saloon because of the greater comfort and cheer offered them there. Whatever, therefore, adds to the comfort and attractiveness of homes, especially the homes of the poor, is valuable temperance work.

2. We should do all we can to disseminate knowledge as to the uselessness and evil results of drink. We are right in carrying instruction on this subject into our public schools. Of course we should be careful that our teaching never be done in a fanatical spirit, and that nothing but what is strictly and scientifically true be taught. But it is doubtful whether any knowledge imparted to the young is more important to all who receive it, or has a closer relation to the welfare of the state, than that of the effects of alcohol upon the human system. But we should not stop with the public school. We should carry systematic temperance instruction into our Sunday schools—here, of course, putting main emphasis upon its moral aspects. The pulpit should do its part; and, beyond the pulpit, every available instrumentality of books, pamphlets, periodicals and lectures should be employed to spread enlightenment as to the evils and dangers of the use of intoxicants.

3. Partly by instruction and partly by appeals to men's consciences, we must create a public sentiment strong enough and noble enough to make drinking in saloons unpopular; to make treating unpopular; to make having wine on home tables at dinner, or at public banquets, or at New Year's receptions, unpopular; to cause rich people, educated people, and called "first families," and certainly all Christian people, to become total abstainers, if not for their own sake and that of their children, then for others' sake; and to make everybody who believes in temperance brave enough to say it, and stand for it before the public.

4. We must everywhere create counter-attractions to the saloon, in the form of coffee-houses or restaurants, conducted on temperance principles, and with social rooms attached where persons can get light refreshments at reasonable rates, and see friends, and read the papers, and be made as comfortable and welcome as they are at the saloon. The practicability of such coffee-houses as rivals of the saloon, and as effective agencies for saving men from the evil influences of liquor, has been demonstrated in many places. It is good to know that a movement is on foot to start one or more such in Toronto.

5. Having done all else that we can, we must call the law to our aid in such ways as are practicable. (a) We must see that such laws as we already have are enforced. There seems to be reason for believing that there is not a little breaking of our present liquor laws in Toronto. We must insist that officials do their duty. In this matter we are all responsible. (b) Are our present laws all we need? No. A plan of things which fills the province from end to end with open bars, and plants a hundred and fifty of them in the most central, easily reached and conspicuous places in this city is not one which any intelligent and earnest man should be content with for an hour. What ought we to do? Our statutes allow communities which desire to do so to avail themselves of the privilege of local option. Some communities have done so already. Such communities are wise. Local option is not an experiment. It has been extensively tried for many years, in many places, and while it is not without its difficulties, in general its results have been excellent. Abundant proof of this might easily be given if there were time. (c) But local option is not enough. We ought to have enacted into a law the Liquor Act which was submitted to the people of the province one year ago. The Government promised that we should have it as a law if the people gave 213,000 votes in its favor. That number was very high, as everybody felt. Most temperance people felt it to be unreasonably high. What happened? That number was reached within 13,000. In other words, 200,000 of the people of Ontario recorded their votes in favor of a law which aimed to abolish the open bar; while only 103,000 voted to the contrary. Surely such a vote should be regarded as decisive. It makes the course to be pursued by the temperance people clear. That course is, to demand of the Government, with a persistency which will take no denial, that the act to which the people of the province have



### A Man is Only as Old as He Feels.

Some people are always young—in spirit and vigor. The man who feels his age is the man who neglects his stomach and liver. As the years pile up the delicate organisms grow weaker.

### Abbey's Effervescent Salt

strengthens the system to resist the added strain. A perfect laxative—it removes all poison from the system. Purifies and enriches the blood. It keeps the liver and kidneys active. Abbey's possesses the rare quality of being a bowel and stomach tonic, without any re-actionary effects.

At all Druggists 25c. and 60c.

given such an emphatic and unequivocal endorsement shall be enacted into a law.

Of course no sensible man believes for one moment that this law, if we get it, will bring us a temperance millennium. It alone cannot cure the evils of drink. It will not even enforce itself. But it will be a distinct step forward. It will give us a new and, as we believe, a very effective agency, which, added to those we already have, will enable us to accomplish far more to cure the evils of drink and to promote the ends of temperance than has ever yet been achieved in Toronto or Ontario.

This mighty and urgent problem, of how to protect our homes, our children, our friends, our neighbors, and the young men of our city and land, from the destroyer that lies in wait at every corner, is one that demands the profoundest thought, the wisest judgment, the most earnest prayers, and the most strenuous effort of every man. May God give us manhood to say, "Things ought to be made better, and shall be!"

### Story of Grand Old Musician.

Do not fail to read "Cured His Kidney Disease of Years' Standing."

Samuel J. Crow, Well Known as the Leader of the North Pelham and Rosedale String Band, is Again Enjoying Perfect Vigor.

Rosedale, Ont., Jan. 11.—(Special).—There are few better known musicians in this part of Canada than Samuel J. Crow, for many years leader of the old Pelham and Rosedale String Band, and only his retiring nature has kept him from gaining a national reputation. Consequently his complete recovery from an aggravated case of Kidney Disease of years has aroused much comment here. Interviewed regarding his case Mr. Crow said:

"To-day I enjoy as good health as I did in boyhood and I give the entire credit to Dodd's Kidney Pills. I suffered for years from Kidney Trouble which became aggravated upon every attack of cold and caused me agony. In the winter of 1898, it developed into gravel, when I was totally unfit for anything. I tried different medicines without the desired results. I was in constant misery when I commenced to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. To my astonishment and delight I immediately began to recover, and after using five boxes the disease had entirely disappeared. I have known others who were great sufferers to be entirely cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills."

The Man We All Know.

I could sing you a song that was never yet heard, I know, for I wrote every note—every word.

I'm a mild-mannered man, but I thirst for the gore Of that confounded cuss who has "heard it before."

I have got a good joke, which I daren't tell to you, Though I made it myself, and I know it is new.

I'm a mild-mannered man, but I thirst for the gore Of that friend of a fellow who "told it before."

I could show you a trick that you never can do, You might puzzle for years, but you'd never get through.

I'm a mild-mannered man, but I thirst for the gore Of that mirth-killing monster who "did it before."

I could give you a riddle you never could guess, If I asked "Give it up?" you will all answer "Yes."

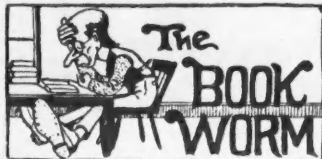
I'm a mild-mannered man, but I thirst for the gore Of that horrible nuisance who "knew it before."

I'll bet that on Resurrection morn, when Musician Gabriel toots up his horn, He'll rise from his grave and begin to jaw, "Oh, bother that angel, I've heard him before."

— "Life."

"Really," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "your little dinner last night was quite recherche." "Oh, dear," her hostess groaned, "I just knew that new cook would make a botch of it some way."—Chicago "Record-Herald."

The Suitor—They say that Love is blind. The Heiress—But nowadays he has a marvelous sense of touch.



### "A FOREST HEARTH," by Charles Major, is a book which will be in demand at the circulating library, and among those who will insist upon reading it the school will be found in the majority.

The book deals with rustic life in a semi-Western State of the Union, the spelling matches and kissing games coming in for a share of the writer's attention. Mr. Major's literary style is of the rudest, but I confess that I should rather read his romance of the backwoods than suffer from such excursions into English history as "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" and "When Knighthood Was in Flower." They reached the limit of historical fiction as Indiana understands it. Mr. Major's heroine is nothing if she is not in love, and his latest lady, Rita Bays, is a lambkin indeed, whose affection for the hero cries out unmistakably from every page, and "bleats," as Mr. Kerfoot has declared, "a note of adoration." However, there may be more tiresome people than Rita and Dicon, and if writing about such young imbeciles will keep Mr. Major from messing with the Tudors and Mary Stuart, by all means let him write a series of "Rita" books, even though by so doing he create undying hatred in the breast of the author of "Elsie Dismore." "A Forest Hearth" will be one of the best-selling books, and those who like that sort of book deserve to read it. (George N. Morang & Co.)

In utter contrast to this gentle story is "The Baton Sinister," by George Gilbert, who has a fondness for the court life of England. In this book he tells, in the first person, the story of Lady Henrietta Ventworth's passion for the ill-fated Duke of Monmouth, one of the best of the fair, false race of Stuart. There is sometimes a strained note in the voice of the narrator, but we catch something of the glamor that the gallant Duke flung over the followers who were true to him even to the last, when his cause was lost at Sedgemoor. They were bad old days when the Merry Monarch and his tyrant brother were on the throne, and Macaulay writes of the era truly as "the golden age of the coward, the bigot and the slave." But, guilty and morbid as Lady Henrietta's passion may have been, it was very human and pathetic, thoroughly characteristic of the many who gave their hearts to Stuart keeping. The story, although too lengthy for the motive, is in the main interesting and well told. (John Long, London.)

In contrast to flighty fiction is the pamphlet, "Life in Other Worlds," by F. J. Allen, M.A., M.D., Cantab., a paper reprinted from the "Popular Science Monthly," November, 1903. Even the layman, to whom astronomy is an unknown science, may find matter to interest and arouse in Dr. Allen's discussion of this neglected theme. The writer comes to conclusions—"that conditions for life as earth knows are not present in any other world in our solar system, and that if different conditions can awaken a capacity for exalted energy traffic among other elements than nitrogen, oxygen, carbon and hydrogen, then the universe seems to provide immense possibilities of life, whose variety and magnitude may far exceed anything that we can imagine." It is unpleasant to part with the belief that Mars and Venus are inhabited by creatures such as we, and Mr. H. G. Wells may differ from the distinguished writer of this article. But his tone is so calm and convincing, it treats of human life in such a cool and chemical way that we are persuaded of the justice of the conclusion, and can but console ourselves with curious consideration of those "immense possibilities of life," while we wonder whether Mars and Venus are to be congratulated on differing from our own world in physical conditions.

The firm of Frederick Warne & Co. have a fashion of sending out dainty little books for small people, with captivating covers and illustrations. One of the most attractive of these diminutive books is "The Tailor of Gloucester," by Beatrix Potter. It is a fairy tale of the good old sort that takes one away from modern noise and worry and sets one down in the midst of swords and periwigs, in the days when gentlemen wore ruffles and gold-laced waistcoats of paduasoy and taffeta. But you should be led to find out about the single cherry-colored button-hole and how luck came to the Tailor of Gloucester. (William Tyrrell & Co., Toronto.)

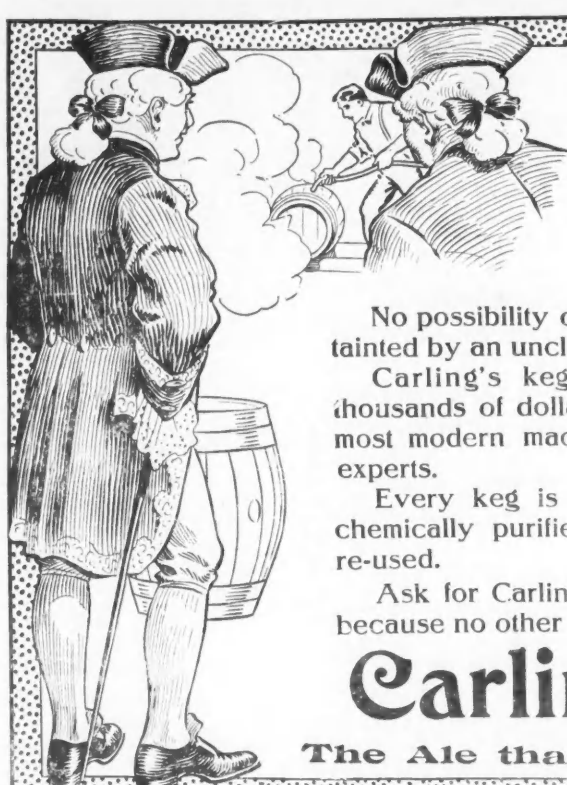
If you wish to know about West Point and the maidens who adore its young cadets, "West Point Colors," by Anna B. Warner, will be found interesting. The "American" eagle, that immortal bird of freedom, utters some mild screeching and

### Pale, Anæmic People

With thin, watery blood always suffer greatly from the cold as well as the sudden and violent changes of our Canadian winter. They are particularly susceptible to Chills, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, La Grippe and even Consumption. They should take FERROL, instead of which they usually resort to extra warm clothing and avoid the cold, fresh air as much as possible—a very great mistake. What they require is a coating of good, healthy fat, a supply of rich, warm, red blood and properly toned nerves and all this they may have with very little trouble or expense, by taking a course of

FERROL which will infallibly (The Iron-Oil Food) increase the weight and tone up the nerves, making clumsy clothing quite unnecessary, and crisp, cold, fresh air a joy, instead of a thing to be avoided.

At all Druggists—free sample from The Ferrol Co., Limited, Toronto.



### Keg Purity

No possibility of Carling's Ale ever being tainted by an unclean keg.

Carling's keg-cleaning plant has cost thousands of dollars, is equipped with the most modern machinery, and operated by experts.

Every keg is thoroughly cleansed and chemically purified before being used or re-used.

Ask for Carling's Ale—accept no other, because no other is quite so good.

### Carling's Ale

The Ale that's Always Pure

shows off its dimensions from tip to tip. In the last scene everyone rises to the "Star-Spangled Banner," as is right and proper for excellent young republicans to do. However, some of us are a trifle weary of the patriotic fiction from across the border, and would be spared a recital of cadet charms and maiden admiration thereof. (Fleming H. Revell Company.)

"A Few Remarks," by Simeon Ford (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York), is a collection of after-dinner speeches made by the author, who is the proprietor of the Grand Union Hotel in Little old New York. The book fairly fulfills the promise made on the cover—"a laugh up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven, and behold the four hundred ascended and descended upon it." (William Tyrrell & Co., Toronto.)

New calendars are flooding the city. A handsome green one comes from the National Trust Company. The Confederation Life shows an artistic view of its building, the Sovereign Life comes in appropriate royal purple, while the daintiest of all is from the Western Assurance Company, there being a delicate design of wheat and clover on a white ground, with lettering in red and gold. Very serviceable business calendars are issued by the Mutual Life of Waterloo and the Federal Life of Hamilton.

From the Copp, Clark Company comes the Canadian Almanac for 1904, which is quite as substantial and instructive as it looks. Every kind of information desired by the Canadian citizen is furnished by this publication, whose appearance is decidedly neat and attractive. The arrangement of material is admirable in convenience and condensation.

### Woman Can Never Become Man's Intellectual Equal.

THE fundamental cause of woman's inferiority to man, according to William K. Hill in the December number of the "Westminster Review," is "false training fostered by fallacious tradition." He assumes as a fact that woman is "inferior to man"—a vague phrase—in point of her achievements, although he claims for her superiority in courage, moral stability, mental endurance and truth. Her general inferiority he attributes to the false ideals of womanhood set forth in romance and approved not only by men but by a large number of women. For centuries, he says, both sexes and nearly all writers of fiction have glorified the pretty but empty-headed woman whose unreasonableness is her chief charm, and who pretends to serious and deliberate argumentation. Mr. Hill, however, is indefinitely hopeful of woman one day being able to attain an intellectual equality with men.

While Mr. Hill is doubtless right in blaming women themselves for their intellectual inferiority as a sex, in that they have imitated false ideals, his hopes of an ultimate equality will not be shared by some of us, for the simple reason that the physical weakness of woman will forever bar her from that equality. Individual women will rise to a high state of intellectuality as they have done in the past, but the sex as a whole will never catch up with man. Mental power is based on physical strength. The ideal of manhood is a sound mind in a sound body, but there cannot be a perfectly sound mind in an unsound body. The relation between the brain and the rest of the body is intimate. One cannot remain unaffected while the other deteriorates. And it so happens that most women are not in a sound physical condition at all times. Women as a sex are nervous and emotional. There are long periods in the ordinary woman's life when she is in many respects an invalid, and at certain crises, which may be prolonged for years, she is subject to hysteria and general nervousness. These afflictions militate against her intellectual perfection. They impair her mental powers in some mea-

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Assets, \$3,000,000.00.

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OFFICE HOURS:—9 a.m. to 4 p.m. SATURDAY 9 a.m. to 1 p.m.

OPEN 7 TO 9 EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT.

JAMES MASON, Managing Director.

**Columbia Phonograph Company**

SUCCESSORS TO

**The Disc Talking Machine Co.**

**Columbia Cylinder and Disc Gramophones**

**TWELVE TYPES**

**From \$4.00 to \$100.00 each in price.**

**PAYMENT \$1.00 to \$5.00 down, according to grade. \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.50 per week afterwards.**

Our New Moulded High Speed Cylinder Records, 35 cents each. \$4.00 per dozen.

15 cents allowed on each worn 7-inch Disc Columbia Record, 25 cents each for 10-inch Columbia Records.

Come and hear our New Orchestra and Baritone Solos of the Canadian National Anthem, "The Maple Leaf For Ever."

Present Address 277 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

On February 15th we move into our new quarters, 107 Yonge St.

**Columbia Phonograph Co.**

ARTHUR F. TERO, Canadian Manager.

### Another Ark Story.

"LAWD bless yo' soul, honey. All dis talk I heah do suitinly remind me ob de story my ole mammy use ter tell me 'bout Mr. Noah. Mr. Noah cum home one day, an' ses he to hes family an' one or two ob hes most tickler frens, ses he: 'It look mighty like we gwine get a powahful spell ob rain.' Ses he, 'Shaw, now' ses one o' hes frens, 'Gwan' ses he. 'Yo' always talkin' like yo' intimate fren' ob Gawd—mighty,' ses he. Mr. Noah he doan say nuthin'—he busy sha'p'nin' hes axe. 'Wha' yo' doin'?' ses hes fren. 'I gwine build a ark,' ses Mr. Noah. 'A ark?' ses hes fren. 'Gawd bless yo', chile, yo' can't float no arks roun' heah,' ses he. Mr. Noah he doan say nuthin'—he busy filin' hes saw. So hes fren he go 'long home an' he stop at de sto' an' tell de boys 'bout Mr. Noah an' hes ark. 'Next day de boys cum down to Mr. Noah's place an' sho' 'nough, dere was ole man Noah an' hes boys layin' down de ark. An' de boys dey sot down on de fence an' begun joshin' de ole man. But Mr. Noah he busy sawin' gofahwood an' he doan say nuthin'. Well, sub, ebery

day dose folks cum roun' an' purten' dey was habin' de time ob dere lives. 'Good mawnin', Mr. Noah,' dey ses, 'hab yo' heard from yo' fren' Gawd dis mawnin'?' dey ses. An' 'Queer kin' ob crew yo' got,' dey ses. 'How cum yo' son Ham to be so dark-complected?' dey ses. But Mr. Noah he doan say nuthin'—he busy rignin' de steerin' fixin' ob de ark. 'Well, honey, just about when dey was puttin' on de las' lieks, sho' 'nough, it begin to rain. An' it suitinly did rain onusally bad dat summa. An' dose folks what was feelin' so funny early in de spring began to hedge a bit. 'Good mawnin', Mr. Noah,' dey ses; 'dat's a nice ark yo' got.' dey ses. But Mr. Noah he powahful busy sproddin' pitch on de ark an' he doan say nuthin'. An' it rain an' rain, an' de watah riz an' riz, an' pretty soon de ark was floatin' an' a tuggin' an' de ropes ob de ankah, an' dose folks was all standin' on a little piece ob high groun' an' shoutin'. 'Hey, Mr. Noah! Wha' yo' chawge fo' yo' accommodations?' dey ses. But Mr. Noah he doan say nuthin'—he busy lookin' up Ararat on de map. 'Now, maybe yo' think dat dey was all no-count folks dat was left out ob de ark. No, suh ree! Some ob 'em was jus' niggahs, an' some ob 'em was po' white trash, an' some ob 'em was quality. But dere was nary one ob 'em had de sense to see dat it war gwine to rain.'—J. B. Kerfoot in "Camera Work."

"You weather prophets make a great many mistakes," said the man who sneers. "Yes," answered the observer, "and if other people had all their mistakes published in the daily papers as we do, I suspect that our record would seem pretty good."—Washington "Star."







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The subject of Rev. J. T. Sunderland's sermon on Sunday evening, January 3, at the Jarvis Street Unitarian Church was "The Solution of the Liquor Problem." In beginning, the speaker deprecated all partisanship, all exaggerated statements, and all unkind feelings toward any, and asked for a candid study of a subject which deeply concerns society, the state, the home, the church, and, directly or indirectly, every individual.

He gave many instructive facts, statistical and other, bearing on the relation of the use of intoxicating drinks to industrial prosperity, to business success, to the condition of workingmen, to the accumulation of wealth by individuals and communities, to the efficiency of armies and the ability of men to endure heat, cold and fatigue, and to recover from wounds; to health and disease, to intellectual alertness, endurance and power, to insanity and crime, and to the moral progress and decadence of nations.

He spoke briefly of the causes of intemperance, finding them to be partly physical, partly intellectual, partly social and partly moral. Drunkenness he regarded as primarily a disease, although the drunkard could not be adjudged free from moral responsibility for bringing the disease upon himself. Cure was difficult, but by no means impossible. The drunkard should not be given up. He should be made to feel the sting of legal retribution visited upon his crime; but he should not be sent to a jail or a prison; he should be sent to a hospital, where, under strict discipline, he can be properly treated for his disease. However, it is not upon efforts to cure, but upon efforts to prevent, that the temperance reformer should expend his main strength. Prevention is the key to the solution of the liquor problem. In the direction of prevention the preacher urged several things:

1. We should do all possible to give to the people good homes for the poor. It should not be overlooked that poverty, barren and cheerless homes, and poorly cooked food, often drive men to the saloon because of the greater comfort and cheer offered them there. What, therefore, adds to the comfort and attractiveness of homes, especially the homes of the poor, is valuable temperance work.

2. We should do all we can to disseminate knowledge as to the uselessness and evil results of drink. We are right in carrying instruction on this subject into our public schools. Of course we should be careful that our teaching never be done in a fanatical spirit, and that nothing but what is strictly and scientifically true be taught. But it is doubtful whether any knowledge imparted to the young is more important to all who receive it, or has a closer relation to the welfare of the state, than that of the effects of alcohol upon the human system. But we should not stop with the Public School. We should carry systematic temperance instruction into our Sunday schools—here, of course, putting main emphasis upon its moral aspects. The pulpit should do its part; and, beyond the pulpit, every available instrumentality of books, pamphlets, periodicals and lectures should be employed to spread enlightenment as to the evils and dangers of the use of intoxicants.

3. Partly by instruction and partly by appeals to men's consciences, we must create a public sentiment strong enough and noble enough to make drinking in saloons unpopular; to make treating unpopularity; to make having wine on home tables at dinner, or at public banquets, or at New Year's receptions, unpopular; to cause rich people, educated people, so-called "first families," and certainly all Christian people, to become total abstainers, if not for their own sake and that of their children, then for others' sake; and to make everybody who believes in temperance brave enough to say it, and stand for it before the public.

4. We must everywhere create counter-attractions to the saloon, in the form of coffee-houses or restaurants, conducted on temperance principles, and with social rooms attached where persons can get light refreshments at reasonable rates, and see friends, and read the papers, and be made as comfortable and welcome as they are at the saloon. The practicability of such coffee-houses as rivals of the saloon, and as effective agencies for saving men from the evil influences of liquor, has been demonstrated in many places. It is good to know that a movement is on foot to start one or more such in Toronto.

5. Having done all else that we can, we must call the law to our aid in such ways as are practicable. (a) We must see that such laws as we already have are enforced. There seems to be reason for believing that there is not a little breaking of our present liquor laws in Toronto. We must insist that officials do their duty. In this matter we are all responsible. (b) Are our present laws all we need? No. A plan of things which fills the province from end to end with open bars, and plants a hundred and fifty of them in the most central, easily reached and conspicuous places in this city is not one which any intelligent and earnest man should be content with for an hour. What ought we to do? Our statutes allow communities which desire to do so to avail themselves of the privilege of local option. Some communities have done so already. Such communities are wise. Local option is not an experiment. It has been extensively tried for many years, in many places, and while it is not without its difficulties, in general its results have been excellent. Abundant proof of this might easily be given if there were time. (c) But local option is not enough. We ought to have enacted into a law the Liquor Act which was submitted to the people of the province one year ago. The Government promised that we should have it as a law if the people gave 213,000 votes in its favor. That number was very high, as everybody felt. Most temperance people felt it to be a reasonably high. What happened? That number was reached within 13,000. In other words, 200,000 of the people of Ontario recorded their votes in favor of a law which aimed to abolish the open bar; while only 103,000 voted to the contrary. Surely such a vote should be regarded as decisive. It makes the course to be pursued by the temperance people clear. That course is, to demand of the Government, with a persistency which will take no denial, that the act to which the people of the province have



### A Man is Only as Old as He Feels.

Some people are always young—in spirit and vigor. The man who feels his age is the man who neglects his stomach and liver. As the years pile up the delicate organisms grow weaker.

## Abbey's Effervescent Salt

strengthens the system to resist the added strain. A perfect laxative—it removes all poison from the system. Purifies and enriches the blood. It keeps the liver and kidneys active. Abbey's possesses the rare quality of being a bowel and stomach tonic, without any re-actionary effects.

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given such an emphatic and unequivocal endorsement shall be enacted into a law.

Of course no sensible man believes for one moment that this law, if we get it, will bring us a temperance millennium. It alone cannot cure the evils of drink. It will not even enforce itself. But it will be a distinct step forward. It will give us a new and, as we believe, a very effective agency, which, added to those we already have, will enable us to accomplish far more to cure the evils of drink and to promote the ends of temperance than has ever yet been achieved in Toronto or Ontario.

This mighty and urgent problem, of how to protect our homes, our children, our friends, our neighbors, and the young men of our city and land, from the destroyer that lies in wait at every corner, is one that demands the profoundest thought, the wisest judgment, the most earnest prayers, and the most strenuous effort of every man. May God give us manhood to say, "Things ought to be made better, and shall be!"

### Story of Grand Old Musician.

Do not fail to read Cured His Kidney Disease of Years Standing.

Samuel J. Crow, Well Known as the Leader of the North Pelham and Rosedale String Band, is Again Enjoying Perfect Vigor.

Rosedale, Ont., Jan. 11.—(Special).—There are few better known musicians in this part of Canada than Samuel J. Crow, for many years leader of the old Pelham and Rosedale String Band, and his retiring nature has kept him from gaining a national reputation. Consequently his complete recovery from an aggravated case of Kidney Disease of years has aroused much comment here. Interviewed regarding his case Mr. Crow said:

"To-day I enjoy as good health as I did in boyhood and I give the entire credit to Dodd's Kidney Pills. I suffered for years from Kidney Trouble which became aggravated upon every attack of cold and caused me agony. In the winter of 1898, it developed into gravel, when I was totally unfit for anything. I tried different medicines without the desired results.

"I was in constant misery when I commenced to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. To my astonishment and delight I immediately began to recover, and after using five boxes the disease had entirely disappeared. I have known others who were great sufferers to be entirely cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills."

### The Man We All Know.

I could sing you a song that was never yet heard. I know, for I wrote every note—every word.

I'm a mild-mannered man, but I thirst for the gore. Of that confounded cuss who has "heard it before."

I have got a good joke, which I haven't told to you. Though I made it myself, and I know it is new.

I'm a mild-mannered man, but I thirst for the gore. Of that friend of a fellow who "told it before."

I could show you a trick that you never can do. You might puzzle for years, but you'd never get through.

I'm a mild-mannered man, but I thirst for the gore. Of that mirth-killing monster who "did it before."

I could give you a riddle you never could guess. If I asked "Give it up?" you will all answer "Yes."

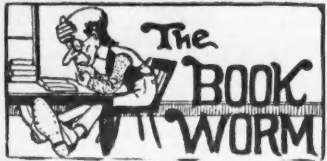
I'm a mild-mannered man, but I thirst for the gore. Of that horrible nuisance who "knew it before."

I'll bet that on Resurrection morn, when Musicians Gabriel toots up his horn, He'll rise from his grave and begin to roar. "Oh, bother, that angel, I've heard him before."

"Really," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "your little dinner last night was quite recherché." "Oh, dear," her hostess groaned, "I just knew that new cook would make a botch of it some way!"

The Suitor—They say that Love is blind.

The Heiress—But nowadays he has a marvelous sense of touch.



### "A FOREST HEARTH."

by Charles Major, is a book which will be in demand at the circulating library, and among those who will

insist upon reading it the schoolgirl will be found in the majority. The book deals with rustic life in a semi-Western State of the Union, the spelling matches and kissing games coming in for a share of the writer's attention. Mr. Major's literary style is of the rudest, but I confess that I should rather read his romance of the backwoods than suffer from such excursions into English history as "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" and "When Knighthood Was in Flower." They reached the limit of historical fiction as Indiana understands it. Mr. Major's heroine is nothing if she is not in love, and his latest lady, Edia Bays, is a lambkin indeed, whose affection for the hero cries out unmistakably from every page, and "bleats," as Mr. Kerfoot has declared, until the air is charged with youthful adoration. However, there may be more tiresome people than Rita and Deacon, and if writing about such young imbeciles will keep Mr. Major from messing with the Tudors and Mary Stuart, by all means let him write a series of "Rita" books, even though by so doing he create undying hatred in the breast of the author of "Elsie Dinsmore." "A Forest Hearth" will be one of the best-selling books, and those who like that sort of book deserve to read it. (George N. Morang & Co.)

In utter contrast to this gentle story is "The Baron Sinister," by George Gilbert, who has a fondness for the court life of England. In this book he tells, in the first person, the story of Lady Henrietta Wentworth's passion for the ill-fated Duke of Monmouth, one of the best of the fair, false race of Stuart. There is sometimes a strained note in the voice of the narrator, but we catch something of the glamour that the gallant ill-fated Duke flung over the followers who were true to him even to the last, when his cause was lost at Sedgemoor. They were bad old days when the Merry Monarch and his tyrant brother were on the throne, and Macaulay writes of the era truly as "the golden age of the sword, the bigot, and the slave." But, guilty and morbid as Lady Henrietta's passion may have been, it was very human and pathetic, thoroughly characteristic of the many who gave their hearts into Stuart keeping. The story, although too lengthy for the motive, is in the main interesting and well told. (John Long, London.)

In contrast to flighty fiction is the pamphlet, "Life in Other Worlds," by F. J. Allen, M.A., M.D., Cantab., a paper reprinted from the "Popular Science Monthly," November, 1903. Even the layman, to whom astronomy is an unknown science, may find matter to interest and arouse in Dr. Allen's discussion of this subject. The theme, "Life in Other Worlds," is a familiar one. But, conditions for life as earth knows are not present in any other world in our solar system, and that if different conditions can awaken a capacity for exalted energy traffic among other elements than nitrogen, oxygen, carbon and hydrogen, then the universe seems to provide immense possibilities of life, whose variety and magnificence may far exceed anything that we can imagine. It is unpleasant to part with the belief that Mars and Venus are inhabited by creatures such as we, and Mr. H. G. Wells may differ from the distinguished writer of this article. But its tone is so calm and convincing, it treats of human life in such a cool and logical way that we are persuaded of the justice of the conclusion, and can but console ourselves with curious consideration of those "immense possibilities of life," while we wonder whether Mars and Venus are to be congratulated on differing from our own world in physical conditions.

The firm of Frederick Warne & Co. have a fashion of sending out dainty little books for small people, with captivating covers and illustrations. One of the most attractive of these diminutive books is "The Tailor of Gloucester," by Beatrix Potter. It is a fairy tale of the good old sort that takes one away from modern noise and worry and sets one down in the midst of swords and periwigs, in the days when gentlemen wore ruffs and gold-laced waistcoats of paduasoy and taffeta. But you should be left to find out about the single cherry-colored button-hole and how luck came to the Tailor of Gloucester. (William Tyrrell & Co., Toronto.)

If you wish to know about West Point and the maidens who adore its young cadets, "West Point Colors," by Anna B. Warner, will be found interesting. The "American" eagle, that immortal bird of freedom, utters some mild screeching and

Woman Can Never Become Man's Intellectual Equal.

THE fundamental cause of woman's inferiority to man, according to William K. Hill in the December number of the "Westminster Review," is "false training followed by fallacious tradition." He assumes as a fact that woman is "inferior to man"—a vague phrase—in point of her achievements, although he claims for her superiority in courage, moral stability, mental endurance and truth. Her general inferiority he attributes to the false ideals of womanhood set forth in romance and approved not only by men but by a large number of women. For centuries, he says, both sexes and nearly all writers of fiction have glorified the pretty but empty-headed woman whose unreasonableness is her chief charm, and who prefers pouting to serious and deliberate argumentation. Mr. Hill, however, is indefinitely hopeful of women one day being able to attain an intellectual equality with men.

While Mr. Hill is doubtless right in blaming women themselves for their intellectual inferiority as a sex, in that they have imitated false ideals, his hopes of an ultimate equality will not be shared by some of us, for the simple reason that the physical weakness of woman will forever bar her from that equality. Individual women will rise to a high state of intellectual ability as they have done in the past, but the sex as a whole will never catch up with man. Mental power is based on physical strength. The ideal of manhood is a sound mind in a sound body, but there cannot be a perfectly sound mind in an unsound body. The relation between the brain and the rest of the body is intimate. One cannot remain unaffected while the other deteriorates. And it so happens that most women are not in a sound physical condition at all times. Women as a sex are nervous and emotional. There are long periods in the ordinary woman's life when she is in many respects an invalid, and at certain crises, which may be prolonged for years, she is subject to hysteria and general nervousness. These afflictions militate against her intellectual perfection. They impair her mental powers in some mea-

sure and retard her rise in the scale of intellectual being.

Another point. If woman strives for intellectual equality she must give up beauty; either that or we must all modify our ideas of the beautiful in woman. Think how hard on pretty faces. It brings wrinkles and mars curves. And a thinker cannot afford to give nearly so much attention to her personal appearance as most women now give. Are women capable of this sacrifice?

Another Ark Story.

"LAWD bless yo' soul, honey. All dis talk I heah do suttinly re-minis' me ob de story my ole mammy use ter tell me 'bout Mr. Noah. Mr. Noah cum home one day, an' ses he to his fam'ly an' one or two ob hes mos' tickler fren's, ses he: 'It look mighty like we gwine get a powahful spell ob rain,' ses he. 'Shaw, now' ses one o' his fren's, 'Gwan' ses he. 'Yo' always talk in like yo' intimate fren' ob Gawd-almighty,' ses he. Mr. Noah he doan say nuthin'—he busy sha'pin' hes axe. 'What yo' doin'?' ses hes fren'. 'I gwine build a ark,' ses Mr. Noah. 'A ark?' ses hes fren'. 'Gawd bless yo', chile, yo' cum float no arks roun' heah,' ses he. Mr. Noah he doan say nuthin'—he busy filin' hes saw. So hes fren' he go 'long home an' he stop at de sto' an' tell de boys 'bout Mr. Noah an' hes ark.

"Nex' day de boys cum down to Mr. Noah's place an' sho' 'nough, dere was ole man Noah an' hes boys layin' down de ark. An' de boys dey set down on de ole man 'begun joshin' de ole man. But Mr. Noah he busy sawin' gofahwood an' he doan say nuthin'. Well, suh, ebery

day dose folks cum roun' an' purten' dey was habin' de time ob dere lives. 'Good mawnin', Mr. Noah,' dey ses, 'hab yo' heard from yo' fren' Gawd dis mawnin'?' dey ses. An' 'Queer kin' ob grew yo' got,' dey ses. 'How cum yo' son Ham be so dark-complected?' dey ses. But Mr. Noah he doan say nuthin'—he busy riggin' de steerin' fixin's ob de ark.

"Well, honey, just about when dey was puttin' on de las' lieks, sho' 'nough, it begin to rain. An' it suttinly did rain onusally bad dat summah. An' dose folks what was feelin' so funny early in de spring begun to hedge a bit. 'Good mawnin', Mr. Noah,' dey ses; 'dat's a nice ark yo' got,' dey ses. But Mr. Noah he powahful busy sproddin' pitch on de ark an' he doan say nuthin'. An' it rain an' rain, an' de watah riz an' riz, an' pretty soon de ark was floatin' an' a tuggin' at de ropes ob de ankah, an' dose folks was all standin' on a little piece ob high groun' an' shoutin', 'Hey, Mr. Noah! What yo' chawge fo' yo' 'commodations?' dey ses. But Mr. Noah he doan say nuthin'—he busy lookin' up Ararat on de map.

"Now, maybe yo' think dat dey was all no-count folks dat was left out ob de ark. No, suh, see! Some ob 'em was jus' niggahs, an' some ob 'em was po' white trash, an' some ob 'em was nuthin'. But dere was wazy one ob 'em had de sense to see dat it war gwine to rain."—J. B. Kerfoot in "Camera Work."

"You weather prophets make a great many mistakes," said the man who sneers. "Yes," answered the observer, "and if other people had all their mistakes published in the daily papers as we do, I suspect that our record would seem pretty good."—Washington "Star."

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shows off its dimensions from tip to tip. In the last scene everyone rises to the "Star-Spangled Banner," as is right and proper for excellent young republicans to do. However, some of us are a trifle weary of the patriotic fiction from across the border, and would be spared a recital of cadet charms and maiden admiration thereof. (Fleming H. Revell Company.)

"A Few Remarks," by Simeon Ford (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York), is a collection of after-dinner speeches made by the author, who is the proprietor of the Grand Union Hotel in little old New York. The book fairly fulfills the promise made on the cover—"a laugh on every page." There is genuine humor in "A Few Remarks," of an order that suggests Mark Twain, although it is merely suggestive of the creator of "Tom Sawyer." The writer knows his public well, and is a thoroughly up-to-date caterer. The dishes are not exactly pungent, they are not delicately flavored, but they are quite wholesome and appetizing. Even the chapter, "Hotel Suicides," has a cheerfulness and buoyancy that are positively consoling in these days when the best hotels occasionally harbor guests who blow out the gas with malice aforethought. The writer delights in saying unkind things about the Waldorf-Astoria, and thus winds up the story of its evolution: "And lo! Jacob fell asleep, and he dreamed and beheld a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven, and behold the four hundred ascended and descended upon it." (William Tyrrell & Co., Toronto.)

New calendars are flooding the city. A handsome green one comes from the National Trust Company. The Confederation Life shows an artistic view of its building, the Sovereign Life comes in appropriate royal purple, while the daintiest of all is from the Western Assurance Company, there being a delicate design of wheat and clover on a white ground, with lettering in red and gold. Very serviceable business calendars are issued by the Mutual Life of Waterloo and the Federal Life of Hamilton.

From the Copp, Clark Company comes the Canadian Almanac for 1904, which is quite as substantial and instructive as it looks. Every kind of information desired by the Canadian citizen is furnished by this publication, whose appearance is decidedly neat and attractive. The arrangement of material is admirable in convenience and condensation.

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**MR. HENRY J. WOOD** of London, England, was the "star" conductor at the rehearsal and public concert of the New York Philharmonic Society last week. It is gratifying, of course, to us in Canada to hear that he won a signal success—a success even greater with the public than with the critics. The principal numbers on the programme were the "Der Freischütz" overture and the Tchaikowski fifth symphony. The New York "Sun" says of the reading of the symphony by Mr. Wood: "He vitalized the whole performance by a richly varied and vocal accentuation. He made the orchestra sing where it should, and thunder proclamations where the composer bade the brass open its throat. Throughout the performance of the symphony Mr. Wood displayed a lovely skill in slinding. His nuances moved in curves. He projected the music into the auditorium in waves of sound. And not for a single moment did he relax the strenuousness of his emotional communication. There was no let-down. In a word, Mr. Wood is a thorough analyst, a man of high musical organization, of sound scholarship and of personal magnetism." The "Times" says: "His reading of the symphony was apparently an epitome of many of his ideals as a conductor; it is music of a kind that gives freest play to such as he cherishes. They are toward the fullest freedom in expression, tempo, nuance, the elaboration of each single phrase to its utmost significance, the letting of dramatic blood from every vein and artery of the score. He drenches his listeners in color; he delights in extremes. Now, Tchaikowski's symphony is written in such a spirit, and demands such a reading—but not to the extent that Mr. Wood carried it yesterday. The "Evening Post" says: "The Tchaikowski fifth symphony has been played many a time here since 1889, but never before has it aroused such a whirlwind of enthusiasm as that which overwhelmed the conductor and his splendid band of players at the close. With excess of modesty Mr. Wood tried to indicate that to the Philharmonic alone belonged the glory; but if he could have had a chance to contrast the playing of these same hundred men during the past three years with the way they played under him he would have realized vividly that 'the conductor's thing' Mr. Wood is the exact opposite of the old-fashioned Handel-Mendelssohnian musician. In appearance, gesture and mode of interpretation he reminds one somewhat of Mr. Nikisch, the most modern of all conductors. He has the Slavie temperament—there is nothing blonde in his readings. It is the fiery temperament that carries the day, and in his reading of the Tchaikowski symphony Mr. Wood betrayed such a temperament, to the great delight of the audience. I have quoted enough to show that Mr. Wood must have impressed the New York people with the force and strength of a striking individual temperament, in addition to convincing them of his mastery of the technique of the conductor's art."

Miss Mabel S. Hicks will give a piano recital in St. George's Hall on Monday evening, February 8, assisted by Mr. Frank Blackford, violinist, and Mr. Donald McGregor, baritone.

Dr. Richard Strauss, the famous composer of "A Hero's Life," will sail for America on February 14. In New York he will give four orchestral concerts and one song recital, in which his wife will be the singer.

Sandow, the mighty man of strength, having stated that most of the greatest violinists were feeble creatures, instancing Paganini, a London journalist declares that the remark does not apply to living violinists: "Joachim might well be called a healthy septuagenarian, while nobody who has ever seen Ysaye would characterize his appearance as that of a frail and fragile mortal. Nor is the theory borne out, if looks count for anything, in the case either of Sarasate or Kreisler. Indeed, it is not long since a writer in a contemporary broke new ground in the matter of concert-reviewing by comparing the last-named artist as he faced his admirers on the platform to 'Ajax defying the lightning.' Then there is Lady Halle. She has never, so far as we know, been likened to Ajax—even by an American journalist. But she has to all seeming discovered the secret of perpetual youth and vitality."

While personally I am not in favor of whole evenings of music devoted to the works of one composer, I must admit that the recital given in the American room of the King Edward Hotel on Tuesday evening by Miss Abbie May Helmer was a delightful presentation of Chopin's compositions. Miss Helmer played thirteen numbers, which included the Ballades, op. 23 and 47, the Nocturnes in F and C sharp minor, the "Revolutionary" study and the study in double sixths, the Scherzo in B flat minor, and the great Polonaise, op. 53. The selections constituted a severe test of the player's ability as an interpreter of Chopin, and Miss Helmer stood the test with a degree of success that reflects the greatest credit upon her teacher, Mr. W. O. Forsyth, of this city, in addition to proving her claims to the rank of an accomplished executant and a reader of sound musical taste, allied with natural refinement. Miss Helmer's reflective temperament and nice sense of beauty of tone were manifested in most of the selections. She is never a stormy nor tempestuous player, and even in such a piece as the "Revolutionary" study she made no attempt to rival the orchestra in surging volume of sound. But in the Nocturnes and the quieter pieces she lingered lovingly over all the details of cantabile, nuances of tone and variety of touch for the revelation of which they offer so many opportunities according to the insight of the performer. Miss Helmer's mezzo and piano tones are of a delicious quality, and one cannot imagine her producing a coarse sound from a piano, however poor. As a virtuoso, pure and simple, Miss Helmer shows pronounced development since her

recital last winter. But her increased authority of technique and clarity of interpretation have not been gained at the expense of the poetry in her nature. There was a fashionable gathering of about four hundred, who listened with obvious pleasure and respect to the accomplished young pianist's recital to the end. Miss Helmer, at her second recital, on February 25, will offer a programme by various masters, in which the great Beethoven will not be overlooked.

An interesting lecture on the "Mannerisms of Composers" was given by Dr. Cowen, of Scandinavian symphony fame, before the Incorporated Society of Musicians, Glasgow. Dr. Cowen defined mannerism to mean the excessive use of some particular phrase or rhythm or harmony. He found mannerism in Mozart, but not in Beethoven. A writer in the "Speaker" finds fault with the lecturer for this expression of opinion, and asks are the tricks of Beethoven more wearisome than those of Mozart? Dr. Cowen is, however, right in his observation. Despite Mozart's exquisite melodic gift he had certain pet forms of phrases, cadences and shakes that every amateur who has acquaintance with his works cannot fail to recognize and to become wearied of. Beethoven, on the other hand, had few individual mannerisms, and no national ones. The "Speaker" remarks with some point that individuality is apt to seem mannerism when the lapse of time has staled it. The individuality of Beethoven has been an element in the making of all modern music. One must remember, however, that Beethoven's individuality was shown more in thought than mode of expression.

Writing in the "Musical World" on the "Growth of Pianoforte Playing," T. P. Currier closes a good article as follows: "Pianoforte playing is now probably beating out still another path. The strong reaction which some time back set in against excess in orchestral ensembles and in the use of the tempo rubato has resulted in a too considerable amount of playing that decidedly lacks in subtlety of tone, color, elasticity and warmth. It is too coldly objective; one easily hears in imagination the tick of the metronome. Repression, simplicity and strict tempo are the present watchwords. And truly they are good ones. It is for the discerning listener to discover whether they are not, nevertheless, frequently a cloak for mediocrity."

The Musical Instrument Trades Protective Association in England is agitating for the imposition of import duties on foreign musical instruments. It was pointed out at a recent meeting that in 1880 British piano-makers numbered 131, whereas by last year they had dropped to 105—a decrease of about 25 per cent. Also, in 1889 the foreign manufacturers represented in that country numbered 38, while last year they reached a total of 182. From 1885 to 1889 the value of musical instruments imported into England amounted to £785,000; a year ago the figure was £1,380,575.

Mr. Charles Manners, the well-known manager, who has been giving a series of English opera in London, and last five weeks showed a deficit, has been claiming that hundreds of people "pester him for passes, although perfectly able to pay for seats. He says that in connection with his season in the metropolis he has received in the course of a week more letters asking for free admissions than he is called upon to deal with during a nine months' tour of the provinces. He asserts that some of these requests are made by acquaintances and people he has never heard of before, "whose incomes vary from £1,000 to £50,000 a year." These, he adds, "take the passes without a blush, and drive up in a handsome carriage to see the show." Probably the high-toned personages referred to fancy that their presence at the opera is a good advertisement, and therefore worth paying for in some shape or other.

The first service of praise under the direction of Mr. W. H. Van Winckel was given in St. Paul's Methodist Church, Avenue road, Thursday evening, January 7. Mr. Van Winckel is an enthusiastic and energetic choirmaster, and has been successful in getting together rather a unique membership, many of the members being soloists, soloists under excellent control, as the repertoire of hymns demonstrated, especially in the unaccompanied numbers. The body of tone and the promptness of attack speak well for the choir training, this being particularly noticeable in the "Gloria" from Concone's Mass in F, the chorale epilogue ("Golden Legend"), and the "Inflammatus." A feature Mr. Van Winckel has introduced into the choir is a men's quartette, known as the Toronto Male Quartette. These voices are well blended, and added much pleasure to the programme. If any one section is better than another it might be the soprano. Owing to illness, Mr. Walter Coles, the organist, was unable to be present, but Mr. Van Winckel was fortunate in getting Mrs. H. M. Bright, who played the accompaniments and sang solos in her usual accomplished manner. The choir was assisted by Miss Dora L. McMurtry, who was at her best in Pini's "Angel Land" and the solos in the "Inflammatus."

The rehearsals of the Mendelssohn Choir are progressing with more than usual success, and the prospects for the three concerts which are to be given next month in conjunction with the Pittsburgh Orchestra promise to be the most brilliant in the history of the society. As a result of the financial success of last season, the committee have arranged this year to have the complete orchestra at each of their three concerts, and it is the intention of the society from season to season to constantly increase the interest and comprehensiveness of the programmes. Up to the present the conductor feels that the society has but been feeling its way, and it is expected that next season's plans, upon which Mr. Vogt is already at work, will in every way be a distinct advance upon anything the society has as yet undertaken. The programmes this season embody many works which have never been heard in Toronto. At the first principal concert the novelties will be Richard Strauss's "Don Juan," Dvorak's "Carnival" overture, Glazunov's "Ruses d'Amour," Suite de Ballet, Berlioz's Second Concerto for cello and orchestra, and Parry's ode for chorus and orchestra, "Blest Pair of Stars." At the second concert the principal novelty

will be Elgar's symphonic cantata, "The Black Knight," and Paganini's Concerto in B minor, for violin and orchestra. The novelties for the third night are Tchaikowski's Fifth Symphony in E minor, op. 64, and choruses by the society, a capella by Brahms and Tchaikowski. On the third night the society will also sing Mendelssohn's fine motette, Psalm XLIII, besides taking part in the brilliant music of the finale to the "Meistersinger," in which they will have the assistance of Mr. Herbert Witherspoon, bass, of New York. Besides the works named, many other standard works will be performed by both the chorus and orchestra, combined and separately. The soloist on the first evening will be Henri Merck, the eminent Belgian cellist, and on the second evening Lugli von Kunis, the brilliant violinist. Announcements regarding the opening of the plan for these concerts will be made at an early date.

Mr. George Fox, the solo violinist, who has recently started on a tour of the cities and towns of Ontario after a rest which he has devoted to study, is meeting with renewed success. At Hamilton recently he delighted a large audience at the concert of the Central Presbyterian Church choir. The Hamilton "Times" said of him that "he excelled all previous efforts, and gave some of the most exquisite music of the occasion." CHERUBINO.

### The Crown Bank of Canada.

Strong Board of Directors. Offices to be opened within a few days.

The proposition offered by the establishment of the Crown Bank of Canada has attracted much favorable comment. Amid the flood of stock investments which are in these times offered for absorption by the public, the offer of the stock of a new chartered bank in Canada is a good sign of the times. The strict provisions of the amended Bank Act make it essential that a bank must be launched honestly and with such guarantees of security and ability to take care of itself that the public investing in its stock are secure. When added to these guarantees are found the following names proposed for the directors: Edward Gurney, president; Charles Magee, Ottawa, vice-president; Charles Adams, Toronto; J. C. Copp, Toronto; John L. Coffey, Toronto; R. Y. Ellis, Toronto; Lieutenant-Colonel Jeffrey H. Burland, Montreal; John White, Woodstock, and John M. Gill, Brockville, and with Mr. G. DeC. O'Grady as general manager, the genuine character of this enterprise seems established and its good management assured. The necessity for more banking capital is well known and widely felt, the assertions of some wealthy bankers to the contrary notwithstanding.

There has been no more profitable business in Canada than that of the chartered banks. These gentlemen, who have undertaken the establishment of the Crown Bank, to assist in supplying the banking wants of the public, are entitled to commendation and encouragement. Mr. O'Grady, as general manager, in a few days opens provisional offices in the new bank in the Bank of Commerce Building, Toronto. Mr. Frank L. Laidlaw, K.C., Toronto, is solicitor and secretary of the provisional board of directors.

### Tea at the King Edward.

It was a real inspiration that prompted the management of the King Edward Hotel to utilize the magnificent lounge floor as a tea-room. This innovation, which went into effect during the week, has caught the fancy of many, and there have been impromptu tea parties, both large and small, in the magnificent halls every afternoon. The lounge floor, which is really the most artistic part of the hotel, is but a few steps away from the palm-room, although entirely divided from it. With its groups of smartly-gowned women, the lounge floor presents a very animated scene about 5 o'clock any week-day, and, considering everything, the charge for the delightful service given is exceedingly small.

### The Rise of the Tolstoyts.

The Russian family of the Tolstoyts to which the great novelist belongs owes its rise, according to one of the pilgrims to Ismay Polyana, to a curious episode. The founder of this family was, in Peter the Great's time, a simple doorkeeper before the apartments of the Emperor. One day as he was standing at his post a nobleman approached and asked to be admitted. The doorkeeper, however, refused to let him in, declaring that the Emperor had given positive orders that no one that afternoon was to be admitted to his presence.

"But," said the noble, "I am the Prince!"

"Still, I cannot admit you, sir," said the doorkeeper.

Exasperated, the noble struck the doorkeeper across the face with his riding-whip.

"Strike away, your highness," said the other; "but, nevertheless, I cannot let you in."

The tumult had been overheard by the Emperor. He now opened the door and asked what the trouble was. The noble told him. He listened in silence, and then he said: "You, Tolstoy, were struck by this gentleman for obeying my orders. Here, take my stick and strike him back."

"But, your Majesty," exclaimed the noble, "this man is a common soldier."

"Then I make him a captain," said the Emperor.

"I make him an officer of your Majesty's household."

"I make him a colonel of my Life Guards."

"My rank, as your Majesty knows, is that of general," protested the nobleman.

"Then I make him a general, too, and thus the beating you are to get will come from a man of your own rank."

The noble then took his punishment philosophically. As for the young soldier, he was next day commissioned a general and made a count. From him the present family of the Tolstoyts is said to be descended.—"Modern Society."

### A New Zealand Superstition.

One of the peculiar superstitions of sailors has come to light in New Zealand. It is to the effect that when a ship whose name begins, say with "T," comes to grief, calamities are sure to occur to other ships whose names begin

with the ill-omened letter. It is certainly a very astonishing thing that Mr. D. Jones has of late been steadily increasing his valuable collection of "T" boats, and strewing them along the ocean floor liberally.

### The Shooting of the Young Idea.

A Drama in three acts.

"Pa!"

"Well?"

"What is a widow?"

"A lady who has lost her husband."

(Pause.)

"Pa!"

"What's the matter now?"

"What is a widower?"

"Oh! bother! child—a gentleman who has lost his wife."

(Pause.)

"Pa!"

"Oh, be quiet! What do you want?"

"There's a gentleman down our road who has lost two wives—what is he called?"

"I don't know—go and play."

"Shall I tell you, pa?"

"No—yes—what is it then?"

"Why, he's the widowed!"

(Exit triumphantly.)

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**Fairweather's**

#### Social and Personal.

Mrs. H. B. Anderson, 34 Carlton street, who has not received for some time, will receive on Monday, and afterwards on the first and third Mondays.

Mrs. Joseph Meek (nee Hadden) will receive for the first time since her marriage on Friday, January 22, at her new home, 46 Concord avenue.

Mrs. W. J. Elliott of 57 Walmer road, when on a visit to Welland, slipped on an icy sidewalk and sprained her ankle and knee. She will probably be confined to her room for some weeks.

Mrs. Blake Mackenzie (nee Stewart) will receive on Friday afternoon, the 22nd inst.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Sheerin, 41 Howland avenue, was the scene of a brilliant gathering on Friday, January 8, in honor of their crystal wedding anniversary. The house was artistically decorated with a profusion of flowers everywhere. The guests entered into the spirit of the evening and seemed to thoroughly enjoy themselves, leaving at an early hour, wishing every happiness and hope for future anniversary celebrations for their host and hostess.

Mr. and Mrs. Trevor J. Horrocks have taken a house at No. 3 Hillcrest avenue (at the east end of Amelia street), where Mrs. Horrocks will receive on the first and second Mondays.

A young man writes as follows: "Will you please advise me what to do? I inadvertently sat upon a lady's fan and smashed it, at the Argo dance. She refused to allow me to have it mended, and I feel rather mean about the matter. Might I send her another fan, as near like the one I broke as possible? This is the making of the right sort of man. My advice to you is to purchase as pret-

ty a fan as you can properly afford and send it at once to the young lady, asking her to accept it in token of her forgiveness of your awkwardness. Of course you were awkward, you know. No matter where we leave our fans, dear boy, you must never dare to sit upon them!

Mr. and Mrs. N. L. Paterson are now settled in their new home at 169 Spadina road, where Mrs. Paterson will receive on the first and fourth Fridays of each month.

Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Harvey are at the Arlington Hotel. Mrs. Harvey will receive on the last two Wednesdays of the month.

The engagement is announced of Miss L. Pauline Lockerie, eldest daughter of Mr. William Lockerie of Owen Sound, to Mr. G. A. Bagshaw, manager of the Union Bank at Newboro. The marriage will take place early in February.

Dr. Hiram Corson's reading to-day at eleven-thirty, in Conservatory Hall, will be from Tennyson. It is the first of four Saturday mornings under the auspices of the Conservatory School of Literature and Expression.

Mrs. Blackstock Downey is back at the King Edward for a few days, and has with her a New York friend, Mrs. Sanders, who is an invalid just now, and not going out much.

Mrs. A. G. Mackay of New York is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Miller, No. 1 Bellevue place, and will receive with her on Thursday, January 21, previous to returning home. Miss Gertrude Mackay is also the guest of her sister.

Miss Ethel Foster, who has been visiting out-of-town friends for the past two weeks, returns to-day, and will receive with her mother, Mrs. W. A. Foster, at their home, 454 Sherbourne street, on Monday, the 18th, between four and six o'clock.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized in the Queen Street East Methodist Church on Monday evening, January 11, when Miss Florence Barbara Ray, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ray, was married to Mr. Ingol Wellington Booth of New York, formerly of Toronto. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. J. Ferguson, assisted by Rev. H. S. Magee of Davenport. The church was handsomely decorated with roses, carnations and palms. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a gown of white silk organdie and fine old lace, with white chiffon hat trimmed with violets. She carried a large bunch of the same flowers. The bridesmaids were Miss Kate Sebert and Miss Ethel Robinson, the former in blue silk, the latter in blue silk organdie. Both bridesmaids wore large white hats with white plumes. Mr. Will Graham was best man. Miss Sadie Dawson, an old schoolmate of the bride, played the wedding march. Afterwards a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, 1423 Queen street east. The bride and groom received in the drawing-room, and about sixty guests were present. After a short honeymoon in New York, Mrs. Booth will take up her residence in Toronto.

A correspondent writes: "An interesting event came off in Port Perry, on the afternoon of January 7, when, in the Church of the Ascension, Gertrude E., youngest daughter of Dr. J. H. Sangster of 'The Bungalow' was married to Dr. S. C. Corbett of Winnipeg by Rev. G. W. Locke, rector of St. Stephen's, Detroit, assisted by Rev. G. Scott, incumbent of the church. Besides the Christmas decorations, the chancel was banked with palms, foliage plants, begonias and dracaenas, profusely brightened with flowering azaleas, roses and carnations, the bridal couple standing under a lovely arch of asparagus plumosa. The bride, who was given away by her father, was simply charming in a soft gown of white crepe de Paris, over taffeta, with angel sleeves, and a bertha of rose point lace. The bridal bouquet was a shower of white roses and lilies of the valley; a veil of tulle fell from a coronet of orange blossoms, and was fastened by a golden dove enameled in opalescent tints and set with opals and diamonds, the gift of the groom. Miss Mabel Corbett of Port Hope was maid of honor, and the bride's cousin, Miss C. Louise McCallum of Smith's Falls, was bridesmaid, the former in white crepe over taffeta, and the latter in champagne-colored satin, with point d'esprit oversleeves. Both wore large black velvet picture hats and carried shower bouquets of pink roses. Miss C. B. MacDonald, organist of the Central Methodist Church of Woodstock, also a cousin of the bride, played the 'Lohengrin' and Mendelssohn wedding marches. Misses Marion Ross and Merle Taggart, charmingly arrayed in pink and white, and bearing baskets of carnations, made two sweetly pretty flower-girls. The groomsmen were Dr. W. A. Sangster, the bride's eldest brother. The ushers were Messrs. H. L. Adams and C. H. Allison of Port Perry and Selwyn E. and B. Temple Sangster of Ottawa, brothers of the bride. The groom's gifts were pearl or opal scarfpin to the gentlemen, and to the organist and bridesmaids very beautiful opal, turquoise and sapphire rings. The bride's mother was becomingly gowned in peau de soie, richly trimmed with sequin passementerie and point lace. While the register was being signed Miss McCallum sang 'O Perfect Love' in a way that delighted her large and critical audience. A reception was held at the bride's home, which was decorated in pink and white flowers and green foliage, and good cheer, appropriate toasts and short speeches were the order of the hour. The popularity of the lovely and accomplished bride was amply attested by the exceptionally numerous and handsome presents she received, not only from her native town, but from the States and many parts of Canada. Her going-away gown was of blue broadcloth, finished with Persian embroidery. She wore, also, a seal-skin coat, trimmed with mink, a pillow muff of mink and a chin-chin picture hat. Dr. and Mrs. Corbett left on the evening train for Toronto, en route for New York and the Atlantic cities, and thence to the Bermudas, where they will make a short sojourn before proceeding to Winnipeg, their future home.

Despite the stormy elements of Wednesday afternoon many people availed themselves of the opportunity of calling upon Mrs. John Walter Trowne of Buffalo, who held her post-nuptial reception at the residence of her mother, Mrs. Boone, in Murray street. Mrs. Trowne wore her beautiful wedding gown of ivory duchesse, enhanced by some exquisite rose point lace, and was assisted in receiving by her mother, Mrs. Boone, and her mother-in-law, Mrs. Edgar M. Cook. Mrs. Boone wore a beautiful dress of black embroidered Brussels net, glistening with sequin. Mrs. Cook wearing her dainty bridal gown of ivory silk crepe, a wreath of tiny pink rosebuds in her hair. Flowers and palms were all about, and the dining-room was charmingly looked after by Miss Harmer, Miss Allison and Miss Duncan. The table was beautifully arranged, with a centerpiece of crimson tulle and large cut-glass ornaments of exquisite crimson carnations, and softly-shaded lights to correspond. Many were the good wishes and pretty compliments showered upon the popular bride, who leaves this week to take up her residence in Buffalo.

Miss Mabel S. Hicks will give a piano recital in St. George's Hall on Monday evening, February 8, assisted by Mr. Frank Blachford, violinist, and Mr. Donald MacGregor, baritone. The patronesses for this event are Mrs. William Mortimer Clark, Lady Kirkpatrick, Lady Meredith, Mrs. Massey-Treble, Mrs. Walter Beardsmore, Mrs. H. S. Strathy, and many others.

The coming of Alberto Jonas, the renowned Spanish pianist, next month, will mark an important event in the musical world of Toronto this season. Recently the "Free Press" of Detroit devoted a whole page to pianists' hands, and showed photographs of the hands of Liszt, Chopin, Alberto Jonas and Sieving. A very interesting article was also contributed, with remarks about the development of the great pianists' hands. The article went on to say: "It was like feeling a piece of metal. Mr. Jonas's arm muscle is as strong and unyielding as a bar of iron, and no doubt the little man's muscular development and chest measurements would create envious feelings in pugilistic circles." Those who had the opportunity of hearing Jonas when he visited Toronto on another occasion will be sure to want to hear him again next month—as will many others who missed hearing him.

Among guests recently registered at the Welland are the following: Mr. and Mrs. H. Vincent Greene, Mrs. S. H. Jones, Miss S. Jones, Miss I. M. Coles, Mrs. J. P. Langley, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. A. Tripp, Miss Church, Miss Leelan, Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Miss Kirkpatrick, Miss G. Kirkpatrick, Mr. Knox, Miss Wood, Mrs. E. T. Helliwell, Mrs. Cawthra, of Toronto, Mrs. McKinnon of London, Mrs. Roe, Mrs. H. Ashcroft of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Blanshard of Appleby, Mr. W. H. Beam, Mrs. F. E. S. Harvey of Buffalo, Mrs. J. F. Douglas, Master Reginald Douglas of New York, Mr. B. S. Swearingen, Franklin, Pa., Mr. Hugh C. Baker of Hamilton, and Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Price of Simcoe.

A striking feature of the afternoon of to-day is the beautiful effect of the electric lighting, which has been best homes. The electric fixture allows of such pretty decoration right around the lights, and any color effect is so easily got by the use of the silk or paper shade that it has become a general favorite with those who are content with "nothing but the best."

There is no reason why Toronto people shouldn't have the best, now that the local electric lighting company has established its art showrooms in Adelaide street east, for the purpose of giving its patrons an opportunity of securing artistic electric fixtures without the trouble of making a trip to New York or Paris.

#### The Duke's Engagement.

The interesting engagement announced between the Duke of Norfolk and the Honorable Gwendolen Mary Maxwell is another example of the tendency, so greatly marked in these days, to unite great families. There are here some notable instances in another direction—so many, indeed, that it has seemed at times that our old nobility was passing away—it is still true that our greatest titles are preserved from any suspicion of the taint of democracy.

It would be of remarkable interest were some new Burke to arise and undertake the task, to dip deep into the genealogy of nobility and count the common ancestors not more than, say, two centuries ago. The Norfolk dukedom, one of the noblest heritages of aristocracy in the realm, will become by this marriage more "Howard" than before. For the Duke of Norfolk's coming bride is herself descended, on her mother's side, from a head of the house of Howard, and if we can imagine five generations, one of them unborn, and one of them passed away, we find a Duke of Norfolk at both ends. The mother of the future Duchess of Norfolk is a daughter of a son of the twelfth duke, and thus, by a winding way, the dukedom comes back to the descendant of a second son who was too remote in his day to be even mentioned in Burke. The marriage will bring together two of the oldest titled families in the peerage. There was a Howard, we know, at least three generations before him whom the Conqueror banished from his realm, and though Lord Herries can claim no link with the England that knew not the Norman, his first titled ancestor took his seat in the House of Lords long before a Duke of Norfolk fell by King Richard's side on Bosworth Field.

Both houses have had chequered histories. Extinctions and attainments, banishments and beheadings, have broken the succession to the premier peerage of England, and the Duke of Norfolk has had many ancestors whose fate he would care to share. So Lord Herries, too, a good Catholic like his kinsman, stands for a house which has in its story a chapter of treason and romance as strange as any novel.

Miss Gwendolen Maxwell must often have shown the Duke of Norfolk and her friends a lady's cloak which has been preserved through many generations at Evingham Park, Lord Herries's Yorkshire seat. Lord Herries descends from the earl who wore that cloak as he escaped from the Tower on the day before he should have been beheaded, and the cloak keeps green the memory of the brave countess who disguised her husband as a servant maid, with hood and muffled and painted cheeks, and enabled him to pass the sentries and make his way from England. A few hours later his comrades were beheaded for treason, but the earl lived for nearly thirty years, enjoying the protection of the Continent.

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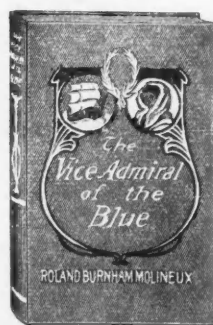
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band as a servant maid, with hood and muffled and painted cheeks, and enabled him to pass the sentries and make his way from England. A few hours later his comrades were beheaded for treason, but the earl lived for nearly thirty years, enjoying the protection of the Continent.

There will be great rejoicing among the Roman Catholics over the union of two great Catholic families. Lord Herries, who has no son and only two daughters, was himself the oldest of sixteen children, and nine of his sisters, it is said, have taken the veil. The barony, unless a son is born, must fall into abeyance, but the Scottish title will descend to Miss Maxwell, who may thus, when Duchess of Norfolk, still succeed in her own right to the Scottish peerage.—London "Mail."

#### Tact.

I went to a party with Janet. And met with an awful mishap. For I awkwardly emptied a cupful of chocolate into her lap.

But Janet was cool—though it wasn't—For none is so tactful as she. And, smiling with perfect composure, Said, sweetly, "The drinks are on me!" —Harvard "Lampoon."

#### Insufficient.

Cabson—When are you going to marry?  
Robson—Oh, as soon as my business picks up.  
Cabson—But your present income is very ample.  
Robson—Dear no; only enough to cover alimony.

#### Scotch-Canadians and the Peerage.

It is an interesting tribute to the colonial genius of Scotsmen that all the three peerages connected with Canada—those of Mount Stephen, Strathcona and Macdonald of Earscliffe—should have their origin on the other side of the border. Lord Mount Stephen is an

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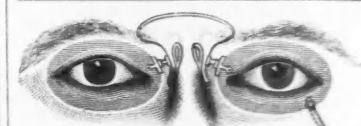
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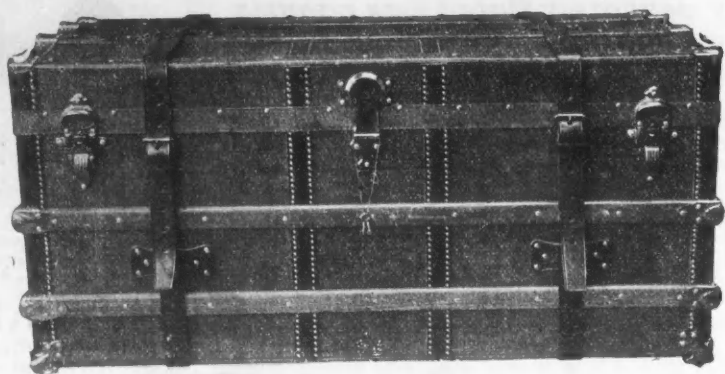
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### The Chinese Puzzle.

THE astute lady who now sits on the throne of the Chinese Emperors, and wields the knife to some purpose, has had a chequered career. She was born of poor but honest parents at a time when a girl baby didn't amount to much. To this day in China, as in most Oriental countries, the boy is greeted with whoops and hurrahs, while the girl baby is received with a very chilling welcome. In the days when Tuen-Tson-Hsi was born, it was a common thing to pick up the new girl baby in a bunch with the new kittens that were not wanted, large stone and daddy's blessing. Among the poorer classes this distressing practice was quite the rule, and as the pres-



The future Empress of all the China's was therefore put up at auction.

ent Empress's parents were quite hard up at the time of her birth, it is generally understood that her old man was only waiting for the river to rise a little before putting her into a fish-bag and making a thorough job of her. It is highly probable, of course, that Tuen-Tson-Hsi never ran any risk of the kind; but when people in the East rise from nothing to everything, it has been the rule, from the time of Moses downwards, to allege that their valuable lives were grievously imperilled in infancy.

Tuen-Tson-Hsi, therefore, lived to crawl around the paternal doorstep, and to make mud-pies with other street urchins in the road before the house. When she was about twelve years old, the family had a run of really rotten

luck. A rebellion broke out in the neighborhood, and the rebels came and wrecked up the little rice crop on which the family depended for their late dinners. After the rebels had gone the parents of Tuen-Tson-Hsi were absolutely destitute. They lived on the cat for the first day, and after that they managed to snare a mouse or two; but when it came down to dining on cockroaches, the future Empress struck. She said she never could stand rich food. She therefore suggested that her father should take her to the market and sell her as a slave. After all, whoever she went to, she would be a slave, and she would be a slave to her own comfort to that of her

Her great idea was to get a fair proportion of meals for herself, and the rest of the family could go to—Buddha. The future Empress of all the China's was therefore put up at auction. How much she fetched has not been recorded; but it is known that she was purchased at a fair market price by the Viceroy of the district. At first she was set to work as scullery maid in the viceregal kitchen; but one day, when the Viceroy was in the kitchen showing the cook how to get the right kind of flavor into a puppy-dog stew, he happened to cock his little eye on Tuen-Tson-Hsi, and the rest of the tale is not altogether suitable for home and family reading. From this time out T. T. H. played in luck—and "lunk" at her now!—"Pick-Me-Up."

### The Pageant From Without.

THE load of naked poplars, silver-barked and tapping, packed tightly between the oak stakes, settles down, creaking and quivering, as the sleighs swing slowly down the trail. The driver buried in his storm-collar waves us a gauntleted hand and calls farewell, the runners, steel-shod and musical, grip the snow, falling into harmony with the shaken sleigh-bells on the harness. And we others, gathered one by one from the glimmering distances of the bush, watch a while as this last load, this latest severed link between ourselves and the world remote, disappears down the darkening way to the outer prairie.

Presently a bend in the trail and a clump of intervening oaks hides him from our view, and we turn back to the shanties of the winter camp, glad that the day's work should be ended, wistful that our comrades should be journeying home without us to his Christmas fare, to the schoolhouse dance and the voices of the women-folk, and perhaps a little sorry for ourselves out here in this bleak Manitoban bush. We sort ourselves out, going silently our several ways to one and another of the little log shanties dotted round the clearing, and entering at last into our own find one of our party in a mood of triumph. Following his complacent gaze we realize suddenly that the fearsome mixture on the stove, the product of his prowess, is the travesty of a plum-pudding waiting for the morrow. The Canadian, traitorous and a little contemptuous, chewing the plug of superiority, looks

on with a grave-eyed tolerance, falling presently to sharpening the axe, which he loves as a child and wields like a giant. We others, working on humbler lines, thaw the pork and warm the porridge for our evening meal, and presently we gather round the stove, a hungry, healthy little party prepared to do full justice to our rough repast.

Bidden to a strange fellowship in this frozen belt of timber we are brothers as only those can be who, with a tacit admission of social frontiers to be kept elsewhere, have left them cheerfully for the nonce many a thousand miles behind. And if two of us have known the refinements of an English country home and the rather exclusive bonhomie of a Public school, the other twin, bred in rougher spheres—the one in a London slum, the other in an Ontario township—were obviously our superiors in the face of primal Nature.

To the Canadian, who reads little besides the patent medicine advertisements in the local weekly, the pictures, warm of coloring, springing crisply from the Christmas numbers, are chiefly interesting, while he of Whitechapel, obeying some dormant instinct, searches vaguely for police court news.

But to two of us everything is engrossing, all is desirable, wooing us back, urging us forward, bidding us be strong. The old moving world marches once more before our eyes; opinions, events, gossip, mingle pleasantly, seen now in a strange perspective, impressing themselves upon us with curious disproportion.

What, for instance, is the strife of politics to the account of the squire's

dance, a paragraph dotted with well-membered names and alive with careless memories? Here is a diagram of tariffs, cunningly drawn up with infinite trouble, but how shall it compare with this picture of Regent street on a December afternoon, this procession of well-bred faces, these glowing windows, this rustle of silk and fur, these riant lips, this all-pervading contentment of talk and tea-cups? And what of the rise of nations beside this gathering at the old rectory, when Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Robinson were present among others too numerous to mention?

Across a drifting mist of blue they stretch their mystic hands toward us. Knights-errant of Christmas, they have come to make us captive, and we, sentimentalists all for this one brief hour, surrender to their spell, living again in the old tenderer world that they have conjured up about us.

It is the dying fire that warns us at length to bed, and as we rise and step outside to gather the morning's wood the visions fade from our eyes. When again we re-enter the shanty they will be but tawdry prints, echoes of festival infinitely distant.

The night, wonderfully still, is gripped by a frost so deep that the stars themselves, crowded and brilliant, seem frozen to the sky, and in the awe of the forest the sights and sounds of the gay cultivated world have fled away. Face to face with these elemental forces our gladness is as deep, but not so light of heart or so easily expressed in words.

This is why men who have returned from the far corners of the world are at first a little silent and sombre to be the best of company. Opposite us, across the clearing, a red point of light marks the winter shanty of some Icelandic settlers, and suddenly thence comes the sound of an old Lutheran hymn, quaint and serious, gaining a strange and spiritual intensity from the surrounding silence. And at the sound of it an old gray wolf, lurking spectrally in the frozen timber, steals deeper into shadow.

H. H. BASHFORD.

### The Simple Life.

TRYING to make good my escape from that modern inquisition—a department store—one day last spring, I chose a pathway lined with books as being least crowded, and my eye fell upon a copy of Wagner's "Simple Life" temptingly displayed. I had been wanting to see it, and in a future kind of way I bought it. I disapprove of buying books over department counters, but being—or aiming to be—a person without prejudice, I saw that in this case it was the direct means to my end, so with a ripple of pleasure in the sober brown cover, and of satisfaction in the possession, I took it along with me, thinking that some useful day I would refresh my spirit in its wise and quiet pages.

But the time of spring cleaning was at hand, and being a housekeeper (I mention the fact with pride since having been assured by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, and other gentlemen qualified to know, that the home is woman's divinely appointed sphere), books had to give place to explorations of garret and cellar, the searching out of hidden treasures, and the crusade of the microbe generally and specifically.

Then a friend, who is also a housekeeper and consequently entitled to a

seat in Paradise as well as to all honor and attention while on the way to it, had a birthday anniversary in the sweet, wild-flower month of May, and casting about at the eleventh hour for something wherewith to commemorate the occasion and my regard, I fell upon this copy of "The Simple Life," which forthwith went to her with a handful of flowers fresh from my own garden.

When the fitting time came a few weeks later, and books for the summer reading were being chosen from the erstwhile neglected shelves by those members of the family who still had faith, I recalled my "Simple Life," and with another stirring of desire toward the ideals it sets forth, I bought me another copy, this time through our regular dealers (where my self-respect was appeased by paying twenty cents more for it), being persuaded that the long leisure of the coming summer would bring time to read it—perhaps even to reform a little.

But it was a busy summer with us. The waves of gaiety at the larger centers sent ripples in even to our quiet retreat. There was a set of young people in the neighborhood for whom "something must be done, my dear." So forthwith we made cake and confectations, wrought upon fancy-dress costumes, devised games, hung Chinese lanterns (scraping up the cold paraffin next day), and privately wrestled with our dissenting lords, who had run down for the week and didn't "see the use," to the end that our young people were entertained. So successful were we, indeed, that they began to assume quite an air of world-worn and lofty indifference by the end of the season, and we naturally felt, "How could we persuade them to go with me?"

When the friend upon whom I had bestowed my first copy of "The Simple Life" came for a visit, she brought it along. "I thought we might read it together," she said. "I haven't had a chance to more than glance at it yet."

"How delightful!" I replied. "Just the thing. When the launch-party and the next 'Friendship-fire' are over, and I'm caught up with my correspondence a bit, we'll begin."

When she packed it up (unopened) two weeks later, we congratulated ourselves that we each possessed a copy, so that we could read it together still, and compare notes later.

Then another friend came. "Oh," she said, "I brought along that book of Wagner's they're talking about, 'The Simple Life.' I knew it was in your line, but I see you have it. How did you like it?"

"I haven't read it yet," I confessed, "but I'm going to as soon as the girls go back to school."

"Oh, how nice! We'll read it together. I haven't read mine either."

It is autumn now. The leaves have all dropped (I know because that tire-some old gardener of ours hasn't come yet to rake them up from the lawn, though I've sent for him twice), and the branch of witch-hazel with the absurd little yellow fringes it pretends are flowers, that Jack brought in two weeks ago, has snapped all its seed-cases, and yesterday I had to take down the bursting milk-weed pods that came with it. The coal is all in (thanks be to President Roosevelt), and the housemaid has promised to finish her month. As soon as the quince jelly is made, and the fall sewing is done, and the attic bedrooms papered, and my reception tea over, and the calls made, if the children don't get sick, and I can find another maid, I hope to really do some reading—something, I mean, beside the weekly scramble to get through and exchange the Booklovers' volume that hardly counts.

I'm afraid when I do read "The Simple Life" it will say it is all my own fault. I don't think it is. Socially we are parts of a whole, and are obliged to accept the standards of that whole or be dropped out. It is the day of organization. Individual opinion counts for little, individual protest for nothing. The home is the target for commercial enterprise, and those who guard its interests are bewildered amidst the bombardment that threatens, indeed, to undermine its foundations altogether. Cheap and plenty is the order of the day. Fashions are made (and perforce changed as soon as made) by those who have deep and yawning pockets to fill. Manufactures are built up and sustained upon artificial needs. Demand is created by supply, and we as individuals soon learn that to be different is to be well. I had nearly written another word beginning with "d," but we'll say that which comes to pretty much the same thing—"Atlantic Monthly."

Editha—I wonder why the dudes wear one eyeglass? Deborah—To prevent seeing more than they are able to comprehend.

### About Writers.

Algernon Charles Swinburne, the poet, has completely recovered from his recent illness, his excellent constitution and healthy habit of open-air exercise (especially swimming, at which, like Byron, he excels) having stood him in good stead.

Dr. David Starr Jordan has promised to edit a number of the "Chaparral," the funny paper of Stanford University. Full control will be surrendered to him by "Ike" Russell, the undergraduate editor, and for a brief time early next semester the learned president will hold the weapon of josh and ridicule in his own hand. Those who have already promised to assist him are Professor Albert W. Smith, head of the department of mechanical engineering; Dr. O. L. Elliott, registrar of the university, and Associate Professor A. G. Newcomer of the department of English. Dr. Jordan himself writes as humorously as he speaks, and the general idea is that there is something good in store for the undergraduates.

The editor of a Paris paper, recalling what Zola had done for Dreyfus, called upon the novelist to have him review the unfortunate captain's book, the history of his troubles. The visitor found him at the big table in his library, doing his day's work. "Review Captain Dreyfus's book!" he repeated, when the proposition was made to him. He got up and ambled round the table—a short man with a stomach and no presence—grunting at intervals. Finally he said: "Why should I review his book? He

Mr. Kipling is always right of as a young man who bounded almost immediately into fame. He certainly did not have to wait long for appreciation of his great gifts; but if he was kept waiting anywhere, it was in his own beloved India. Mr. E. Kay Robinson, an old friend of Kipling's, writing about the latter in a recent number of "V. C.," has this to say on the subject:

"What was surprising at Lahore was that scarcely anyone seemed to have the same opinion as I of Kipling's genius. Men laughed at the club when I said that the day would come when they would be proud of having known Rudyard Kipling. I made a bet with one man on the subject, but whether I won or lost will never be decided. Kipling was certainly world-famous before the time limit of the bet was reached, but the other man was then dead. He had belonged to the official aristocracy of India, whose tendency was to regard Kipling as a clever youngster, with an easy knack of jingling rhyme, but no sense of the proprieties; and as for genius—Even among the young of both sexes—and perhaps the women of all ages—to whom Kipling's verses were a constant delight, the opinion that he was a 'genius' scarcely existed; and at the club, when I affirmed that he would be the writer of the century, I would usually be met with a retort that I was 'cracked about Kipling!'"

Mr. Thomas Hardy's new book, which is soon to be published, will come forth bearing an odd title, "The Dynasts: A Drama of the Napoleonic Wars, in three parts, nineteen acts, and one hundred and thirty scenes." This drama is obviously intended to be read, not to be acted. It begins with a short "fore scene," entitled "The Overworld," in which recording angels, spirits sinister and ironic, and other phantom intelligences are introduced as supernatural spectators of the drama. The first act opens on "A ridge in Wessex," and afterwards there are scenes in Paris, London, Boulogne and Milan. The battles of Trafalgar and Austerlitz contribute something to the play, which further introduces not only Napoleon and his marshals, but Nelson and his officers, the Emperor Francis, George III, and his ministers, the Empress Josephine and Queen Charlotte, with princesses and other ladies of their courts, and Cardinal Caprara.

Rear-Admiral Schley was recently interviewed and divulged three important facts. Two (in answer to a question) are: "If I were nominated for the Presidency I would not accept. If elected, I'll be damned if I would serve." The third is literary. He said he was writing a book which would deal strictly with the facts of his service in the navy of nearly forty-five years. He remarked, further, that he did not believe there would be any more long wars, and that there was scarcely any country but the United States that could now stand the expense of a big war for longer than a year.

### What Could We say to the People of Mars?

What would happen if some day we should wake up and find ourselves able to telegraph to Mars? Scientists no doubt would clap their hands and raise their voices in their great joy, but what could the ordinary man convey by signal

to the people far off in space? Communication no doubt would be very expensive, even more so than a New Year's message to Manila, but, waiving the cost aside, what could we say?

We are greatly interested in politics. The Martians would not care whether Dr. Parkhurst or Herr Most were President. We like to take a flyer in stocks, but the Martians would not get excited if Langley's airship were quoted at 197 3/4 and New York Central were selling at seven-eighths of a cent. We have a fancy for horse-races, but the people of space reck not whether the first race at Ingleside goes to an aristocratic racer or a saw-horse. It is all one with the people of Mars.

Astronomy is a wonderful study. It teaches man to be humble, for it forces him to acknowledge the divinity of the power that rules the universe. Still the question at issue insists on taking up a part of our thoughts. If we could communicate with Mars, what would be our message? Waiving the problem of finding a common language, whether it be of signs or symbols, what could we say? Let him who can answer the question.

### A Colonial Way.

Norwood, an Adelaide suburb, has just had the moral courage to give an erysipelas patient "ten shillings or fourteen days" for being about the streets before he was cured. The astonished invalid paid the fine, and retired into seclusion to finish convalescing. This is the first case under the present South Australian Health Act.—"Bulletin," Sydney.

### Sure of a Fine Funeral.

"Larry," said a merchant to a sturdy Irishman in his employ, "are you saving any of your money?" "Indade I am, sor," replied Larry. "I've got four hundred dollars hid away in a safe place." "But it isn't a public-spirited policy to hoard money away," remarked the merchant, thinking to quiz him. "You ought to deposit it in a good bank, so as to keep it in circulation." "Sure, it'll all go into cirikylation the second day after I'm dead, sor," said Larry, proudly.

### The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

#### Births

Gray—Dec. 31, Toronto, Mrs. Robert A. L. Gray, a daughter.  
Morris—Jan. 5, Toronto, Mrs. Edward W. S. Morris, a daughter.  
Sharp—Jan. 7, New York, Mrs. Clayton H. Sharp, a daughter.  
Rowell—Jan. 7, Toronto, Mrs. N. W. Rowell, a daughter.  
Foy—Jan. 9, Toronto, Mrs. J. C. Foy, a son.  
Anglin—Jan. 10, Toronto, Mrs. Frank A. Anglin, a son.  
Findlay—Jan. 11, Niagara Falls, Mrs. W. B. Findlay, a daughter.  
McIntyre—In Grand Valley, on Dec. 29, to Mr. and Mrs. W. McIntyre, a daughter.

#### Marriages

McFarlane—Hunter—On Thursday, Jan. 7, 1904, at the residence of the bride's father, 32 St. Mary street, Toronto, by the Rev. Prof. Cody, M.A., D.D., Arthur E. McFarlane, B.A., to Margaret Emma, second daughter of J. Howard Hunter, M.A., K.C.  
Corbett—Sangster—On Thursday, Jan. 7, 1904, at the residence of the bride's father, 32 St. Mary street, Toronto, by the Rev. Prof. Cody, M.A., D.D., Arthur E. McFarlane, B.A., to Margaret Emma, second daughter of J. Howard Hunter, M.A., K.C.  
Fisher—Wilson—Dec. 30, Toronto, J. C. M. Fisher to May Florence Wilson.  
Dymond—Lodge—Dec. 30, Windsor, Ont., Rev. Ernest G. Dymond to Ethel Constance Lodge.  
Baker—Webb—Jan. 13, Toronto, Charles Morgan Baker to Flora Meta Webb.  
Cleveland—Rains—Dec. 27, Indianapolis, Ind., Alfred W. Cleveland to Ethel I. Rains.

#### Deaths

Gausby—At family residence, 234 Carlton street, on Tuesday, Jan. 12, 1904, Annie Boulton, wife of Robert Gausby. Funeral private, Thursday, 2 p.m.  
Brennan—Jan. 7, Hamilton, Sarah Scott Brennan, aged 67 years.  
Bryce—Jan. 8, Toronto, Fannie Geraldine Bryce.  
Macdonald—Jan. 8, St. Catharines, Frederick W. Macdonald, Master-in-Chancery, aged 72 years.  
Sanborn—Jan. 8, Toronto, Rev. Alexander Sanborn, aged 85 years.  
Brown—Jan. 8, Pittsburg, Mich., U.S., Eunice Walton Brown, aged 60 years.  
Paton—Jan. 7, Toronto, Florence B. M. Paton, aged 18 years.  
Leslie—Jan. 6, Toronto, Joseph Leslie.  
Lyman—Jan. 12, Syracuse, N.Y., John Lyman, aged 83 years.  
Parkes—Jan. 12, Toronto, Lily Rachel Rogers Parkes.

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